

THE *Sign*

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



War Over Hong Kong

Arthur Benson, C.P.

October 1942

Price 20c

Among those **REMEMBERED**

SOMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

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Personal Mention

► Theodore Maynard was born in India, and spent his youth in England. His A.B. is from Fordham, his M.A. from Georgetown, his Litt. D. from Marquette, his Ph. D. from the Catholic University. He has taught English Literature at Georgetown, St. John's College, and Mt. St. Mary's. At present his pen is a busy one; his latest work, *The Reed and The Rock*, is the third work published during the



past year. *Columbus: Man of Mystery* is a character study of the discoverer of America. His first voyage to the West Indies is an event 450 years old this year and certainly is deserving of commemoration.

► Evelyn B. Coogan has much more than a mere theoretic interest in child influences. Her own three children and her doctor husband give her a practical aspect of the factors involved in meeting the various agents which affect adolescence. This Texan mother, now a Chicago resident, educated in both a northern and a southern college, discusses the comics in her thought-provoking article: *This Funny Business Is No Joke*. This matter of comic-reading should give concern to those parents who by example may be influencing their children.

► Jean Mary Wilkowski is a teacher of journalism and the publicity director at Barry College, Miami, Florida. She is a graduate of St. Mary-of-the-Woods College, Indiana. This summer while doing postgraduate work at the University of Wisconsin, her native state, she was made aware of a new kind of student. She tells the readers of *THE SIGN* her observations in *The Navy Goes to College*.



► Michael Foster makes his first appearance as a contributor to *THE SIGN* with a short story, *Mr. St. Denis Cardigan*, the inspiration for which was received, so the author told us, by seeing two bashful people in a railroad eating-house. Mr. Foster has engaged in newspaper work all over the country, as cartoonist, reporter, columnist, theatrical press agent. His first novel was published in 1935. His stories appear frequently in *Collier's* and in many other of the popular magazines.

THE SIGN

Monastery Place, Union City, N.J.



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Cover photo, Gendreau—Hong Kong panorama

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Editorial

Sharing the Burdens

IN 1917-1918 our boys marched off to war behind waving flags and to the sound of blaring bands. Their hearts were inspired by an ideal. They were going to make the world safe for democracy.

In 1919 they came back again—at least most of them did. Many of those who returned would never walk again, or see, or feel the surge of health and strength through their young bodies. Many were disillusioned. They were sick of war and of Europe's ceaseless quarrels and intrigues. The story of this disillusionment has been written into the records of the various national and state conventions held by the American Legion.

MANY who came back with their ideals intact were disillusioned on their return. They found their positions had been taken and that there were no jobs for them. They found that while they had been living in rain-soaked and vermin-infested trenches, while they had daily risked their lives and seen their fellow soldiers blown to bits, many who remained behind had made a good thing out of the conflict. Industrialists who dealt in the materials of warfare had become millionaires overnight. Thousands of workers were riding the crest of the wave of war prosperity. While soldiers had been fighting and dying, these silk-shirt Johnnies had been getting as much as 15 dollars a day in wages.

And now we are in the midst of another war, and before it is over we shall probably have more than 10,000,000 men in our armed forces. We have a tremendous obligation to these men. We must see to it that they shall not return disillusioned. We must act in such a way that they will not be angry and disappointed at the conduct of those of us who have remained behind.

AND to accomplish that, we must take the profits out of war; we must make sure that no one comes out of this conflict better off because of it than he was before. We must share the burdens and sacrifices with the 10,000,000 men who will sweat and bleed on the battlefields of the world for victory.

During the past two decades we heard much about taking the profits out of war. Many insisted that if we ever got into another conflict there must be a universal draft of labor, capital, and industry.

Well, we're in another war, but we're still far from

any such draft. There's plenty of money available that isn't being used for the present struggle. Congress appropriates billions, but Congressional tax psychology seems limited to millions. Other nations are meeting half of their war costs by taxation; we are meeting only a third. In 1943 Americans will have \$115,000,000,000 to spend, and only \$67,000,000,000 in goods and services on which to spend it. We owe it to those in uniform to take up that slack by taxation, to use that money to pay for the materials of war and to prevent inflation. Surplus money isn't much for us to give up, when 10,000,000 men are risking their lives for our sakes as well as their own.

AS THE President brought out in his recent message to Congress, annual wage disbursements have increased from \$43,700,000,000 in 1939 to an estimated \$75,000,000,000 in 1942. Much of this 71 per cent increase in wages has been poured into the pockets of war workers, and yet during the first seven months of this year workers in war industries lost 1,130,678 man-days of work through strikes. Some of these strikers were getting over fifty dollars a week—more than Johnnie Doughboy is getting a month. These workers evidently plan to share the wealth rather than to share the burdens of the present crisis.

Many farmers, too, are making money on today's hostilities. Farm income has risen from \$8,700,000,000 in 1939 to more than \$15,000,000,000 in 1942. Prices on agricultural products range all the way up to 142 per cent of parity. Farmers are citizens of this country and should have as much interest in this war as the boys in the trenches. Instead of making sacrifices they are making profits.

OUR country will call over 10,000,000 men to give up their homes, their careers, their opportunities to make money, and perhaps even their health and lives for the cause for which we are fighting. Many have already bled and died for that cause. We owe it to them—as well as to our country and to ourselves—to accept our share of the burdens which this war imposes on us.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current

FACT AND COMMENT

WHEN THE Swedish-American liner, *Gripsholm*, docked a few weeks ago in Jersey City, N. J., she brought back to the United States among other repatriated citizens

Our Returned Missionaries

two Passionist priests, Fathers Arthur Benson and Ronald Norris. Both were missionaries in the vicariate of Yüanling, that section of the church in China confided by the Holy See to the care of American Passionists. Both had been captured last Christmas day by the Japanese when Hong Kong surrendered. Both knew the weary hours of concentration camp routine. Both suffered with their fellow nationalists and those of the United Nations the hardships associated so truthfully with the sad lot of non-combatants in a war area ruled by a conqueror. Both have told some of the story of those dreadful months, when a return to the States seemed merest fancy.

It is remarkable, though not a unique sentiment, that while both of these Fathers are delighted at a safe return to homeland, like all true foreign missionaries their joy is not unmixed. Being at home means absence from China, when that heroic country needs so much the help and the consolations of the religion of Jesus Christ. Both would have welcomed gladly the permission granted by the Japanese authorities to Most Reverend Bishop O'Gara, that of returning to Hunan, and the daily life of service to the poor, the refugees, the Christians in our assigned mission field. Such a favor was denied to them.

THE SIGN in the name of you, its subscribers, welcomes these priests home. It assures them of a continuation of the support of their Chinese missions extended by so many readers in the past. And it makes bold to assure them of an increase of that support, so vital in these days of greater need, when the scope of activity spiritual and material seems limitless.

Both Fathers have promised to write further of their experiences. There are many details which can never be told, but there are others which can be narrated, and which both enlighten and edify.

The full mission story of the Church is a story of many heroes and heroines, of martyrdom and long suffering on the part of the heralds of the Gospel. No age of the apostolate of Christ possessed a monopoly of courage. The characteristic spirit of the apostles who personally received the commission to go into the whole world and preach, the spirit of disinterested charity, has been manifested throughout the centuries. It is a tribute to the faith of the American Church that when her sons working in the Orient were called upon to meet dangers, they were not found wanting.

THE SIGN salutes all returned missionaries and hopes for that day when with the return of peace their heart's desire may be sated—to go back to the distant lands of their spiritual adoption, and to reap a fruitful harvest watered by their own efficacious pains and sacrifices.

THE Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies, held recently in Washington, Chicago, New York, and other cities, marks an important advance toward a better

Seminar on Social Studies

understanding between the peoples of this hemisphere. The results achieved demonstrate that the bonds of our common Catholic faith and culture can form a solid link between ourselves and our neighbors of Central and South America. As pioneers in this field of endeavor, through the Committee on Cultural Relations with Ibero-America and The Sign Seminars to various Ibero-American countries, the editors of THE SIGN are particularly gratified at this new link which has been forged in Ibero-American relations.

To be really good neighbors, the peoples of this hemisphere must get to know one another. The Seminar on Social Studies accomplished a great deal toward this goal, not only through the meetings in various cities and through the participation of so many leaders of thought, but also through the great publicity which was given the proceedings and speeches. The news agencies sent out six to eight thousand words a day to the various Ibero-American countries during the proceedings. Leading American papers carried the more important addresses, sometimes in full. There were thirteen short-wave broadcasts, most of them of a half hour, and three network broadcasts. Official Washington was so impressed by the importance of the meetings that they were attended by an observer for the State Department.

We hope that a permanent organization will be formed to continue and consolidate the gains which have been made.

ONE of the gravest problems facing the country for months past has been the rubber shortage. Confusion was added to confusion as contradictory statements of

Light on the Rubber Situation

"specialists" multiplied until finally the President appointed a committee of three to investigate the rubber situation and report on it. It is astonishing that in a matter on which our entire war effort depends the committee had to report "procrasti-

nations, indecisions, conflict of authority, clashes of personalities, and early non-use of known alcohol processes." Certainly, the blame for this cannot be laid on the "complacency" of the American people. The "complacency" was much nearer headquarters.

Now that we know where we stand in the matter of rubber, the greatest obstacle to progress has been removed. Conflicting interests can and should be reconciled—ruthlessly if necessary—in view of the present emergency. The background of the struggle that is going on between the various interests in the production of synthetic rubber and of power alcohol in place of gasoline makes an extremely interesting story. It is told by Mr. John C. O'Brien in an article in this issue entitled, "Sun and Soil Vs. the Underground." The outcome of this conflict may produce a postwar industrial revolution of vast proportions.

The method the President used in getting at the truth in the rubber situation could, with proper modifications, be used to solve other problems, for instance, that of cargo planes. Public confusion over this matter seems to be only one degree greater than official confusion in Washington. This problem is of sufficient importance for an investigation similar to that conducted by the Baruch Committee.

ONE of the outstanding addresses made during the meetings of the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies was that by Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago. "This gathering,"

Archbishop Stritch on Inter-Americanism

said the Archbishop, "is deeply significant and pregnant of great good promise. The wonder is not that you have come from Latin America to sit in brotherly, constructive discussion with us; the wonder is that such a gathering has been so long delayed. When we ponder the power for good here in this conference, it seems strange indeed that for so long it has been dormant as a strong integrated force in the Americas.

"It is not that we were not friends. There is our common faith and our common charity which bind us together in the closest brotherhood, and there are the common Christian interests of the peoples of this Western Hemisphere. Differences of language, great distances, economic circumstances, we have allowed to separate us, despite our Christian and American unity. The pity of it is that in the past you have known us mainly in our weaknesses, our sore spots, and some in our midst have mistaken small, clamorous, liberal, and radical groups among you for you.

"We needed to know you better, and you needed to know us. In friendly intercourse you have found that Hollywood and commercialism and economic exploitation and the want of good manners among some sectarians are excrescences on our culture, and that at its core we are Christian in our way of living. And we have learned that the small minorities of godless liberals and materialistic radicals among you are not you but alien importations exercising the puniest influence on your lives and ideals. Whatever our faults, together we may boast that as peoples of the Western world we have conserved more of the Christian in our culture than have our brothers in Europe these latter years. The

precious thing is that we are getting to know each other and to collaborate with each other in building on this Western Hemisphere a Christian Social Order."

DURING the Spanish Civil War General Franco consistently received a poor American press. He still does. Yet in the present conflict, although indebted to Ger-

Spanish Neutrality

many and Italy for past help, he has maintained neutrality. No mean accomplishment, indeed, when one considers a poised Axis army on the borders of Spain, ready to strike at a given word. President Roosevelt and our State Department have sought to foster the friendship of neutral Spain. That such a policy is a wise one no one who thinks could dispute. For it would be decidedly advantageous to Hitler if his armies could pass undisturbed through Spain and attack Gibraltar by land.

It is evident that our Good Neighbor Policy toward the South American Republics can be aided by the adoption of a friendly spirit with Spain. Spanish is the language of most of our sister-republics to the south, and there are still strong ties binding them to the mother country in Europe.

It is inconsistent on the part of the press and the radio to laud in most superlative language the efforts of Soviet Russia, grand as the courage of its people has been and so deserving of tribute, but at the same time to antagonize a ruler and his people who are neutral, and whose neutrality is so advantageous to the United Nations.

The good example of official Washington should be followed toward Spain. We are in no position to make enemies. God knows we have enough of them to fight at the present time, without adding to their number. Shortsighted criticism of neutral nations and their rulers, Spain and Franco included, seems hardly the course of wisdom.

Powerful advertising and best-seller listing a few years ago made Americans conscious of "How To Make Friends, and Influence People." Dale Carnegie's little manual might prove helpful reading at the moment.

THE WAR LABOR BOARD has reported that 1,130,678 man-days of work were lost by strikes in the first seven months of the present year. It was stated that 295,734

Draft All Strikers

workers ignored the pledge of labor and industry leaders not to strike. There were 728 strikes during the seven-month period. The consol-

ing item in the report was the fact that only three per cent of workers in war industries were involved. By enactment of the Selective Service Law the Government has been able to create the largest army in the history of our nation. The greater good of the country at large took precedence over the personal good of the individual. The normal method of life of millions of men has been interrupted by the war emergency. Educational and business pursuits were suddenly stopped as a call to the army was received. Family ties were broken, financial gain sacrificed for the basic pay of fifty dollars a month given to privates.

It does seem strange, to say the least, that while millions of men because they wear a private's uniform of the country must be content without strikes to accept fifty dollars as pay for the arduous duty of soldiering, 295,734 of their fellow Americans are permitted to waste 1,130,678 man-days of work in strikes, despite the tremendous needs of the moment for all-out production.

If the long arm of governmental authority can reach into the homes of the nation and take sons off to war, certainly a way can be found for the same authority to reach effectively into industry. The 295,734 strikers of the past seven months might be made under rigid discipline into a labor battalion serving under the tough top sergeants of fact or of fiction, at a basic pay of fifty dollars a month. If such were the wartime penalty for strikes and strikers then not even three per cent of our well-paid war industry workers would blemish the records of production during these days of needed harmony.

In the normal course of events there will be disputes between labor and capital. Let the Conciliation Service settle these disputes, but let strikes be outlawed. No draftee can refuse to enter the Army because he values his services at more than fifty dollars a month. Why should his brother in industry be favored in these days by any kind of less drastic treatment than would be meted out to a draft dodger? If teeth are needed in the authority of the War Labor Board, then let a legal denture be made at once, which can bite.

IN THE YEAR 1794 the Augustinian Fathers established their first church in this country at Philadelphia. From that first foundation can be traced the magnificent

Villanova Centenary

growth of the Community in the United States. With a tradition of educational enterprises brought from Europe to incite them, and aware of the prime importance of religion in the cultural training of youth, the Fathers soon opened the first Catholic High School in Philadelphia. But they were not content with this venture into the field of secondary training. They ambitioned far greater efforts.

Fifty years later Villanova College came into being. The estate of a Revolutionary officer and merchant was purchased. In the January of 1842 the deed to the property was conveyed and legally recorded. Thirteen pupils constituted the first enrollment and nine the faculty. Last year 3168 students were taught and the staff of teachers numbered 290.

A tiny seed was planted, its growth was nurtured by zealous priests, it was watered by the interest of bishops and archbishops, and God gave the increase. It was His work, for it was dedicated to Him. It was consecrated to the purpose of educating men in the fullest sense of the term—to increase intellectual growth and to develop moral character by inculcating religious ideals.

On this centenary occasion the Augustinian Fathers can review the past and face the future with the knowledge of good work done. The words of St. Paul to the Philippians of a truth they can make their own, for these words express the message given to their students at Villanova throughout the years: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on

these things. The things which you have both learned and received, and heard . . . these do ye, and the God of peace shall be with you."

On this jubilee celebration THE SIGN sincerely expresses a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the accomplishments attained during the past one hundred years under the inspiration of His grace. It offers a tribute of commendation to the members of the Augustinian Order for the sacrifices made in the cause of Christian education. It sends a message of congratulations to Very Reverend Edward V. Stanford, O.S.A., the present President of Villanova, for the splendid leadership given by him in maintaining the ideals and fostering the standards of genuine Catholic culture.

IT MAY APPEAR odd at first glance to associate Our Lady with modern warfare. Yet she has known the terror of battle, the sickness of the vanquished, the despair of the conquered, the disillusionment of the victor, the shallowness of mere material success. She is the Mother of men, and in her children she

Month of the Holy Rosary

experiences the anguish, the anxiety, the heartache which is the lot of those who engage in the havoc of war, and of their dear ones at home. For what mother is there who does not grieve with her children, even errant children?

There is much consolation in the thought that Mary not merely in her position of spiritual motherhood shares in the afflictions of sons and daughters, but in her own lifetime on earth actually knew from personal experience the details of suffering so common today. She lived under the domination of a world conqueror. She felt the power of his edict even in the near hours of her delivery. As a refugee she hurried by night on a wearisome journey to a foreign land, so that the Holy One of God, her Son, should not fall an innocent victim of a soldier's pike. She lived as an exile from homeland because a king ruthless and brutal would have no other in his realm to rival his throne.

In later life Mary realized the mother-agony of a leave-taking which would speed her Son on a journey ending in death. She saw what dying meant, too, saw it in the horrible agonies of a crucifixion, while tormentors mocked, and the callous threw dice for the very garments she had woven with loving care for her Son, who was God.

Is it any wonder that praying the rosary should be a popular devotion in these days when so many are asked to go through a verisimilitude of Mary's dolours if not in degree at least in kind? Is not this October, Our Lady's Rosary Month, of particular significance? She in heaven and mankind on earth united in mind and heart and affection? She honored by garlands of prayer woven into tokens of love and petition placed at her feet, while man the gainer thinks holy thoughts—the joys, and the sorrows, and the glories of her, his queen and mother?

Such praying and thinking and honoring should be the private practice of all Catholics this month as it is the public practice of the Church. May the Queen of Peace win from her Son, the Prince of Peace, the end of warfare and a return by the nations to a brotherhood in God, worthy of the sweet and loving protection of her own gracious motherhood.

Terror Over Hong Kong



Acme and Flying Gallows

The author tells the thrilling story of his experiences when captured by the Japanese after the fall of Hong Kong.

By ARTHUR BENSON, C. P.

HIS Excellency, Most Reverend Bishop O'Gara, C.P., after patiently waiting months for an opportunity to get urgent dental treatment, finally left the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, in November 1941, and proceeded to Hong Kong.

When he arrived there, on December 1 of last year, the city seemed safe enough. Busy and prosperous as usual, it was filled with refugees, and harbored many rich Chinese and Chungking officials. It presented a scene of peace and quiet not to be found in all China.

Father Ronald Norris and I met His Excellency in Hong Kong and earnestly advised him to rest a while, since he had been in war-torn China during all the hostilities. He had gone through many air raids and suffered heavy bombings, which had multiplied the trials and anxieties of his mission vicariate. There had been

the added care of the wounded, and the housing problem of the homeless and the refugee, and the daily concern for the health and safety of the courageous priests and Sisters who staffed the various churches and schools. For health's sake a sorely needed rest was imperative. Nevertheless, he wished to hurry back to his Missions as soon as possible, and booked a return passage.

But Divine Providence had other plans for the Bishop. He was to pass through a crucible of suffering, to become one with Christ Crucified in tortures of soul and agonies of body. Seven days later, Japan startled the world by furiously attacking all over the East. War between the United

Nations and the Axis partners had begun.

The Japanese bombed the airfield, destroying among other planes the United States Manila Clipper in the harbor from which just the evening before, nine young Maryknoll missionaries from America had landed. Though the attackers were continually bombing and shelling the city from the mainland a mile away across the Bay, the Bishop and I had little trouble attending the dentist daily. When shells or bombs fell too close to the dentist's office, he dropped his tools, the Bishop jumped from the chair, and the three of us rushed to the basement. Even amid the danger the picture thus presented had its humor. Dental work was seldom done under more hazardous conditions.

Hong Kong became a bedlam. Sirens were blowing every ten or

fifteen minutes. The entrances to buildings were so packed with Chinese, bedding and all, that one could hardly step over them. In the big hotels of the city, Chinese and foreigners alike slept along corridors, on stairs, and in chairs. Any place at all was welcome if it protected one from Japanese troops, bombs, or the big shells screaming overhead. After eight days of assault, it became only too evident that Hong Kong would fall. Canadian and Indian troops retreated from the Chinese mainland a mile away, bringing with them large field pieces, while boats of all descriptions, loaded with men and with needed military supplies, made

where. Bullets penetrated through doors and windows into the Maryknoll Fathers' house at Stanley, where we were staying, but none could locate the snipers who with weeds on their helmets and garbed in a cape of like material disappeared like magic when they crouched, blending with the foliage.

On Christmas eve, fierce fighting went on all around our house. The Canadian troops in trenches a few feet from us manned machine guns, struggling gallantly against overwhelming odds, and dying at their posts like heroes. About three o'clock Christmas morning the Japanese dropped dazzling flares over the

attacking the building. The critical moment we dreaded had come. Would the sanguinary troops who had seen their own comrades killed, spare us?

Father Meyers of the Maryknoll Fathers was about to celebrate Mass. He calmly removed his vestments, made the sign of the cross, and went downstairs to face the angry troops. With his hands raised, he shouted to the soldiers still smashing windows, that the door would be opened. A few seconds later, the Japanese with pointed bayonets swarmed into the building. Some of us stood by, while the brave Father explained that we were missionaries, not soldiers. It was indeed a tense moment! Had some excited soldier shot or bayoneted him, the rest of us would have met the same fate instantly. The soldiers rounded up everybody in the house, making us sit together in one group on the main floor. Looting of rooms upstairs and downstairs began immediately. Doors which had been left locked were soon demolished. Bags and suitcases were wantonly ripped open by bayonets, and their contents and those of drawers and cupboards scattered right and left.

One young fellow who spoke English, leaving the building with a handful of loot, said ironically, "Merry Christmas." The British troops who had occupied the Maryknoll house were tied with ropes and put on the floor with us. Other Canadian troops who surrendered or were taken prisoner joined our group. Some Chinese women and children were brought in, too, but they were not molested nor ill treated.

With the battle still raging outside the house, we sat on the floor from early morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the soldiers ordered us to remove our cassocks. They then tied our hands tightly behind us, an indication that we were to be executed. Bound by ropes, in groups of five and six, and led like cattle, we started what we felt certain was to be our last mile. The Bishop, who was bound like the rest of us, and who was wearing his gold pectoral cross (which, strange as it seems, no Japanese took), led the way. The priests came next, followed by the Canadian troops.

We were marched to the firing line and lined up against a wall, where Bishop O'Gara gave us all absolution. The heroism of the Bishop and



The Repulse Bay Hotel, at the foot of the hill, was the scene of bitter fighting during the siege of Hong Kong

Three Lions

the scene resemble another Dunkirk.

Through some mistake Hong Kong river guards fired on a British boat carrying dynamite, causing an explosion that resounded for miles, drove frightened thousands into the streets, and shattered every window in the downtown area. Very shortly the vicious Japanese attack was too strong for the small British force to withstand. Nor could they prevent the Nipponese from crossing to the island of Hong Kong.

Soon after the Japanese landed on the island, snipers seemed to be every-

where. Canadians to locate with glasses the sites of their machine-gun nests. Before the flares faded away, shrapnel showered the British positions. Then the Japanese charged, shouting and uttering loud shrieks. We watched the resulting carnage and prayed.

Knowing that the house would be taken we began to celebrate our Christmas Masses, using the second floor corridors because the rooms and the chapel below were too dangerous. But just at dawn loud reports of falling glass smashed from windows and doors told us the Japanese were

priests must have been evident to the Japanese, for while each face showed the strain, all were calm and fully resigned to their fate. I am certain each would have offered his life, had God so willed, for the Japanese and the Church in Asia.

Thirty feet away from us the troops had erected a portable field radio, over which communications were continually sent and received. About three hundred yards to our left, big field guns shelled the Stanley forts, while Japanese troops crept steadily forward, by running a hundred feet or so and then falling to the ground.

While messages came and went the Japanese officer in charge questioned us repeatedly. I nodded to him that my passport was in my pocket. He took it, read it carefully, and then threw it contemptuously on the ground. He was still standing before me when a soldier handed him a radio message. When he finished reading it he looked at me and asked in good English, "Are any of you with these British soldiers? Do you all live in the church where you were captured?" He believed my answers, for at once he gave orders that the Canadian troops be separated from us. In single file they were marched past us to a spot where a hundred or more Japanese troops stood with poised bayonets.

Were we to meet death next? Surely our relatives and our good friends in America must have been praying for us since the officer in charge, jerking his right hand over his shoulder, made a sign that we were to be taken to the rear. Ducking our heads lest



Bishop O'Gara, C.P., back in China after his release from Hong Kong

bullets whining through the air cut us down, we were led back about a block or two from the front line to an empty one-car garage.

Into this small room with His Excellency Bishop O'Gara, and Very Reverend Father Toomey, Procurator of the Maryknoll Mission at the head, all of us were crowded. Among the thirty-three of us were Reverend Charles O'Connor, a Vincentian Father from New York, Reverend Charles Murphy of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Canada, a Belgian Missionary of the Paris Foreign Missions, two Irish Salesian Brothers of Hong Kong, twenty-four Maryknoll priests, and Father Ronald Norris, C.P., and myself.

The doors of the garage were slammed shut and locked. Its only small window in the rear was closed tightly. As dusk approached, bound though we were with ropes, we did our best to clean up the garage—a filthy place strewn with broken flower pots, bottles, and other refuse. What paper could be found we used for bedding on the cement floor, especially for three Fathers who were suffering from dysentery.

Why we were locked in the garage instead of being bayoneted, which seemed to have been the first intention, we shall probably never know. One guess is that the Japanese regarded us as soldiers or spies, radioed headquarters, and were instructed to hold us, bound, for investigation. Another reason might have been that the Hong Kong au-

thorities were told that all civilians, and we were included, would be massacred if the city did not surrender. A third, and most likely guess, is that as we stood with our backs to the wall, a radio message announced the capitulation of Hong Kong, as it was about that time of the day that the British accepted terms of unconditional surrender.

We were not long in the garage when the big guns at Fort Stanley near us ceased firing. Japanese voices were the only sounds, as all around us became as silent as a tomb. Occasionally a passing soldier would peep in at us. Some spit at us, and others shoved their bayonets through the cracks of the door.

That evening in front of the garage big holes were dug and huge fires built. We saw dead Japanese soldiers, carried on stretchers and covered with Japanese flags, laid beside the fires. These bodies were cremated, as it is the custom of the Japanese to take the ashes of their fallen comrades back to the temples of Japan.

We were kept in the garage for four nights and three days without food or water, except on the last day when we received some milk and biscuits. On the same day a Father who had saved his watch gave it to a guard. He brought us a small can of water and each of us had a few drops. That cup of water cost us over fifty dollars.

Early in the morning of the day following our incarceration, His Excellency, Bishop O'Gara, delivered a sermon to us, taking for his text, "The servant is not above the Master." He pointed out to us how

Rev. Arthur Benson, C.P., the author, now in the United States



Rev. Ronald Norris, C.P., also captured and interned at Hong Kong



our Divine Saviour had suffered in His Passion, how the men who crucified Him knew not what they did. None of us will ever forget that sermon, its spiritual significance, and the conditions under which His Excellency delivered it.

During our time in the garage the Japanese had gathered fifty or sixty Canadian soldiers whom they put in rooms above us. We shall always remember the kindness of those good men who, when we were released, used some of their own food to prepare a meal for us. We were then told by a Japanese officer that we could return to our own house. When we reached the Maryknoll Fathers' residence we found it full of troops who refused to vacate but who permitted us to sleep on the chapel floor. During the night these troops, except for a few guards, moved on. It took us the better part of a week to clean up the house and property.

Happy again to be back at the good Maryknoll Fathers' house, Bishop O'Gara, Father Ronald Norris, and I remained with them until January 2nd. On that day Bishop O'Gara requested permission (from a Japanese officer who called) for the three of us to go into the city of Hong Kong. His Excellency hoped that by living in the city the three of us might be able, through the help of some Chinese fisherman, to reach the mainland and make our way back to the Missions in China. Moreover, the Maryknoll Fathers had not sufficient food for themselves. The Japanese officer readily granted the pass, remarking that he was sorry we had to suffer so much, adding that he himself regretted that now the whole world was at war, and that he should like much to be back home in Japan with his family. It was indeed consoling to meet a Japanese of such sentiments after the type we had encountered previously.

REGRETFUL at parting from the Maryknoll Fathers, whose kindness to us shall never be forgotten, but buoyed up by the thought that perhaps we should get back to China, the three of us began a three-hour walk to the city, little realizing then that we were going from the frying pan into the fire.

En route to the city, Japanese sentinels stopped us repeatedly and examined our pass and searched us thoroughly. We saw houses riddled

by bullets, showing how the Canadians had fought every inch of the way back to Stanley. All of the buildings had been thoroughly looted, clothes and furniture were scattered about the yards; scores of wrecked British trucks and tanks lined the road. Here and there lay a dead soldier, and the smell of decaying bodies was everywhere.

His Excellency, Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong, whose losses are great, gladly received us, though his house was filled with refugees, hundreds of them sleeping in corridors and under stairs. Food, too, was scarce, and our first meal with the Italian Fathers consisted of stale bread and noodle soup. Three days after we arrived in the city, Father Meyers of the Maryknoll Fathers, who had walked into the city that morning to procure food for the Fathers at Stanley, greeted us. While we were speaking with him, we were startled by the news that the Japanese had ordered all enemy nationals to report in the public park at 10 A.M.

We had no idea what was about to happen. Some thought we might be machine-gunned, others that we would be put on ships and sent to Japan, and again that we might be lodged in jail. Instructions were that no person could bring with him to the park more than he could carry conveniently.

Father Meyers left immediately for Stanley to be with the Maryknoll Fathers, as there was a hope that they might be allowed to live in their own house and so avoid the roundup. We did not think he would get past the guards but as he did not return we realized he had succeeded.

As the Japanese knew we were in the city, the three of us, Bishop O'Gara, Father Ronald, and I, had to report in the park. The Bishop stopped at the Belgian Procuration to borrow a blanket. The Belgian Father, who thought we might be tortured, said good-by with tears in his eyes.

When all enemy nationals had assembled in the park we were marched, about twenty-five hundred of us, six abreast, men, women, and children, through the streets of Hong Kong. Thousands of Chinese crowded the sidewalks. No doubt the Japanese wanted to impress upon the Chinese that the white man was now the coolie of the East. As the victors had taken over various Chi-

nese hotels, the three of us were quartered, with about 150 other persons, in a place called the Far Eastern Boarding House. It was a long narrow four-story building facing the waterfront at one end, and Desvoux Road at the other. Its only windows were at the front and rear, so that even in daytime it was so dark we had to light a candle in our room.

THE rooms, about eight-foot-square, were separated from one another and from a three-foot corridor that ran the length of the building, by wire netting. Four were assigned to each cubicle, like animals in a cage. There was only one bed to a room, built against the outside brick wall of the adjoining house. The guards at the entrance would not permit us to leave the building and posted a sign that anyone who looked out of the window at the rear, facing the ships in the bay, would be shot. Rats, bedbugs, and lice had taken over long before we arrived, and the inconveniences of our stay can readily be imagined. A well in the middle of the building furnished water to cook the meager portions of rice doled out to us by the Japanese. If ever there was a fire trap, this hotel was one. For safety's sake we arranged to have the men in turns stand watch at night as fire wardens.

In this dark dungeon we lived until January 20th, fifteen dreadful days, wondering what next would befall us, or whether we would be left there for the duration of the war. During this time the Japanese established a concentration camp not far from the Maryknoll house at Stanley. On January 20th, we were taken by buses to this camp which for the next six months was to be our abode. There we met the Maryknoll Fathers again who up until this time, had been permitted to remain in their own house under guard.

The camp in which over 3,000 of us were interned covered about a square mile, surrounded by barbed wire entanglements, and in this area was located the Hong Kong jail, big enough easily to accommodate all of us. About the jail were houses formerly occupied by British jail wardens, Indian guards, etc. Into these the American, British, and Dutch were put in separate quarters. In the American section we had to sleep four to eight in a room according to its size. Opposite to us was

an apartment built for seventeen families, in which 750 British people somehow managed to live!

We all had to shift for ourselves because, generally speaking, the Japanese paid little or no attention to us. They appointed Chinese as superintendents, through whom we had to approach our masters. The longer the internment lasted, the lower the white man sank in the social scale. The Japanese were impressing upon us that they meant their favorite slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics."

The rice diet was just about sufficient to keep us alive. It would be more accurate to say it was slow starvation. Bishop O'Gara lost over fifty pounds. In fact everybody in the camp, with few exceptions, lost considerable weight. Another six months of the same diet would in many cases have been fatal.

Clothes too were scarce, as few had little more than what they wore. Rich and poor searched through rubbish for pieces of cloth, empty cans to use as cups, pieces of leather and rubber to mend shoes. Wooden slippers, made by the internees themselves, and hats made from straw by the ladies, were common. The Red Cross or some other society managed to send in shirts, shorts, socks, and handkerchiefs, but once they became soiled, it was difficult to clean them, because of the scarcity of soap.

The British doctors and nurses who were interned, about fifteen doctors and forty nurses, established a makeshift hospital. Their medicines were meager, and the Japanese would not supply very much. Though these doctors and nurses received no more food than the rest of us, they worked hard and performed many successful operations. There were over 400 cases of beriberi in the camp, but nothing could be done for these victims of a rice diet.

One evening we were informed that all internees were to gather in a large field the following morning. Though it was raining heavily the next day we had to assemble in the field. I heard some people remark that if they were certain we should be kept in the camp for the duration, they hoped the Japanese would finish them then and there. Machine guns were brought to the field, but thank God they were not used on us. While we stood for hours in the rain, the Japanese searched our living quarters.

As no Italians or other visitors were allowed in the camp, Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong appointed Bishop O'Gara as Covicar for the internees. Bishop O'Gara arranged a schedule of sermons on the seven sacraments for the Sunday Masses, and on Sunday afternoons His Excellency himself preached.

With help of the Maryknoll Sisters and the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal, the Bishop formed a First Communion and Confirmation class. There was also a class for converts. Many eyes were moist as the children, many of whose fathers were buried in the surrounding hills, little girls dressed in white, and the boys in white suits, made by the Sisters from clothes begged and gathered from internees, made their First Communion and

ideas of Catholic priests and nuns.

On May 26th, the anniversary of Bishop O'Gara's ordination, word came directly from Tokyo to release him. Catholics and non-Catholics, though rejoicing at his release, felt sad at his departure, and wished him Godspeed as he bravely set out to return to the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China. Father Ronald Norris and I shall never forget the heroic example of our beloved Bishop. Before he left, he endeavored to have us released also but the Japanese authorities in Hong Kong curtly refused his request.

For months past various rumors had been rife. The Americans were to be released. Or they were to be sent to Japan. Or they were to be interned in another camp for the rest of the war. These reports added no little to the uneasiness of mind which afflicted all of us. But the morning of June 29th brought all rumors to an end. The Americans were told to pack and be ready to leave at noon.

At 12 o'clock about 350 of us were lined up in the courtyard of the prison, a sorry looking group of men, women, and children, but a group with an overwhelming joy in their hearts—a group about to go home. Yet there was sadness aplenty. The British nationals stood by looking at their more fortunate friends. No word of a home-going had been pronounced for them. The drear hours of the concentration camp routine were still to be theirs. The rice diet, and the sinking of spirit that each day brought would be their lot today and tomorrow, and the next day, and next.

A march of a mile and a half brought us to the bay. Small boats were awaiting our arrival. The *Asama Maru* rode majestically at anchor in the harbor. Soon we were aboard. On June 30th engines started, a slow steady vibration stirred the ship—and the first leg of a journey around the world to home, began. But that is another story. . . .

Some day when the suffering people of Japan are free from the tyranny of a military clique which rules their empire and peace comes to the Orient we hope to return to Asia and our missions in China. We are home, and it is good to be home. But our hearts are with our Chinese Christians. Some day, God willing, we will go back to them.

BE SURE TO READ

"The Hong Kong Story" by
Ronald Norris, C.P., in "The
Passionists in China" Depart-
ment on Page 161 of this issue.

Both Father Arthur Benson,
C.P., and Father Ronald Nor-
ris, C.P., will tell more of their
experiences as captives of the
Japanese in future issues of
THE SIGN.

received Confirmation in a concentration camp.

During the month of May, devotions in honor of our Blessed Mother were held in the open, with community singing followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

All the services were well attended by non-Catholics as well as Catholics. Many non-Catholics, especially from the Southern states, came in contact with priests and Sisters for the first time in their lives. They told many amusing stories of their previous

Mr. St. Denis Cardigan

by MICHAEL
FOSTER

Illustrated by MAY BURKE

BECAUSE of the painful, the helpless shyness which was like an actual dry paralysis in her throat, she spent most of her time washing dishes or keeping things tidy, only helping to wait on the counter when two of the big mountain freights were in at the same time. Then, in the smoke and noise and confusion, it didn't matter that she couldn't trade easy wisecracks with the customers. In the rushes, the freight crews only wanted their suppers, quickly and efficiently. She could do that.

But she had a friend. He had had many names since she was about twelve years old, but for a long time now it had been Mr. St. Denis Cardigan. She could never see his face very clearly, but he was distinguished, and always suavely dressed.

Hurrying down to the railroad yards from the square brick high-school building, she would hang up her old gray coat and her tam, and gulping respectfully toward Red, she would get to work at the sink. Red was the owner of the place, a lanky bald-headed man wrapped in a tall stained apron. When he wasn't cooking, in the thin blue haze of liver-and-onions and the steam of beef stew, he sat by the range and read books from the public library.

After awhile, she would look up from the suds-filled dishpan, and her hands would slowly stop their work upon a thick mug or a heavy, slippery plate. At the far end of the counter the bright soprano of Melpha, the regular waitress, leaning beside the cash register, would go on and on, but she would listen to it without really hearing it any more, without even envy of the easy laughter. Looking through the steamy panes of the little window above the sink at the freight cars waiting on the siding in the last of the afternoon sunlight, she would be alone with her imaginary friend, Mr. St. Denis Cardigan. She could

carry on long silent conversations with him, as she never could talk with real people.

With him, she was no longer awkward, and too young. By a magic that had always been the same—through all his long series of changing names—she discarded her square, earnest face, and the dark rough hair shingled into square practical bangs by her mother's scissors in the lamplight when the younger kids were in bed. No longer were her eyes too serious, and apt to become silent and fixed with anguish when someone spoke to her: they became mysterious, and very tender. Enigmatic was the word, she thought. With him, she was a woman of the world: mature, witty, and suave as he was.

The freight cars were dusty, and streaked with distant rains, from long unknown miles. Together, she and her friend would be seeing the same things: that flatcar, its splintery floor still littered with bits of forest bark, red in the frosty sun—tonight it would be on a lonely siding in the rain, in the hills beyond the mountains. And an owl would quaver in the wet woods, in the night. And that sagging hopper car: yesterday afternoon, maybe, it had stood in the heat of the sun on the high prairies away to the east. There were blue hills, far away, across the prairies in the sun. The world was wide, with Mr. Cardigan.

This afternoon's dishes done, she came out behind the counter and began rearranging the pieces of pie, the polished apples, and the plate of bananas. A freight was in from the flat country to the east: Melpha was kidding with the crew. That would

be No. 378—waiting on the passing track for The City of Denver to go through. They were all there, in a row at the end of the counter. Except the fireman. The fireman of No. 378 was a Mr. Johnson, who always carried his own lunch and ate it in the cab while the big mountain Mallet was waiting, breathing steam, on the siding. Mr. Johnson was buying suburban lots, and worrying gray-headedly over the paving assessments. He would be eating his cheese sandwiches, all by himself, and mourning financially.

Adjusting the last apple in the even row, she stole a glance at Melpha, who was saying something with her face turned half away, touching her hair with her fingertips. Melpha was supposed to look like Joan Crawford: and she did, too, in a way. Something about the eyes. She had told Doris, several times: "Look, kid. In a little joint like this, right in the railroad yards, we got an atmosphere *intime*. The fellows expect you should be able to give them a friendly laugh now and then, kid." Everyone laughed suddenly, now. Their eyes were upon Melpha, above their moving jaws.

With Mr. Cardigan beside her, however, Doris turned the glass stand of the coconut cake a quarter of an inch, and looking at it gravely, said aloud to him, tenderly quoting from a book they had read together:

"Let them have their shallow gaiety, their unquiet laughter, my dear." She squared the coconut cake a little more around, and wiping one of Melpha's thumbmarks off the bell-jar top, added dreamily on her own hook: "Never mind. You

When Mr. St. Denis Cardigan appeared, he wasn't the suave, distinguished gentleman Doris had dreamed of

Forcing desperately her eyes to look at his, she knew suddenly why he wasn't sitting with the rest of the freight crew. His eyes were gray, and bright with pain

and I know the lovely adventures of the world."

A timid voice behind her, clearing its throat, said:

"Ma'am?"

Gasping, she whirled. With her back against the pie shelf, she stared at him. He was a very young man, who had slipped unnoticed onto a stool at this end of the counter. In the awful silence, the whole world was filled suddenly with sounds she hadn't even heard before—the shattering exhaust-blasts of the yard engine hurrying to get its string of freight cars off the main line, and the groaning and squealing of wheels and the clanking of drawbars. He had dark red hair and quite a homely face, gaunt and earnest, with high cheekbones. On the counter he had laid a high-peaked striped cap, very new, and the front of his striped overalls were streaked with new, hasty finger-drags of oily black.

"Who are you?" No longer suave and fascinating like a woman's in a book, her voice quacked shrill and flat in her own ears.

He swallowed, and tried to smile. He had freckles across the flatness of his nose. And forcing, desperately, her eyes to look at his, she knew suddenly why he wasn't sitting with the rest of the freight crew. His eyes were gray, and slow and bright with pain. With shyness. The yard engine had passed, and was in the clear. For a little while its bell kept ringing, and then lapsed absent-mindedly into silence.

"Well, uh, a f-fellow named old man Johnson," the young man began in a long roundabout way, so terribly and painfully familiar to her, "he, you see, retired, that is, and . . ."

"Oh!" she said.

They looked at each other, each shrinking with friendliness in his own way. The world was waiting for

The City of Denver to come through. He drew down his serious brows and tried again to smile; she twisted her damp dust cloth between her hands. A faint trembling began in the floor, and crept to the walls, to the mirrors. With a long compressed-air wail that began far away and grew and grew and was whipped to tatters of unbearable shrillness in the roar of passing, the big yellow streamliner, The City of Denver, went through—a suave syncopated clicking on the

cold shining rails of the main line, a long flowing blur of yellow steel and lights, the lovely lights of the wide world. There was a flashing glimpse of the diner: men and women at the little white, cold tables, and lights of crystal on roses. A whoosh and a clatter, and the roar of that world was gone, dying away into such a little murmur. And then into silence.

The young man said, working his brows:





The engineer raised a gauntleted hand in passing, and on his slippery steel deck the young man lifted his peaked cap, looking down at her

"... so, in a way, I kind of got his run. That is, I..."

His voice trailed off into an embarrassed silence.

Down at the far end of the counter they were all getting up. Melpha was ringing the cash register, a smile intimate with each ringing grind. The

old fat engineer of No. 378, poising a toothpick as he arose leisurely, growled:

"C'mon, kid."

"Y—yes, sir. . . . Uh, yeah, Joey, that is, I..."

"But you haven't had anything to eat!" Doris said suddenly.

"Uh . . . well," the young man said. "Oh, well, I wasn't very hungry anyway. That is, look. I'll..."

They looked at each other, while the screen door slammed behind one man after another of the freight crew. She managed something like a smile, and, encouraged by her example, he did, too.

"I . . . I'll be through again day after tomorrow," he said. "On this same drag."

She nodded. Day after tomorrow they would talk. She would ask him about the long miles over the mountains of the world, under the stars, and down to the glittering cities of the Coast. With a funny little bowing jerk of his head, he was gone, and the screen door had banged behind him. Melpha was humming, as she cleared away her end of the counter.

The place seemed lonely and deserted again as the sound of men's voices died out, and the silence was broken only by Melpha's low humming and by the clatter of dishes as she went about her work.

With a deep, dry roar, the big mountain Mallet jolted and groaned its half-mile string of freight cars on the passing track. The roar was repeated, and multiplied itself with irritation, and then settled itself to a deep, remorseless pounding, making the windows rattle stealthily. Standing in the doorway of the little frame café, Doris watched its enormous dusty-gray barrel coming down. It went by, its cannonade shaking the evening sky: a vast breath of steam and warm oil, the great driving-rods, the complicated massive glisten and counter-fall of the Baker valve gear. The towering length of the locomotive was pointing up the distances of shining track in the cold sunset toward the purple jagged rampart of the mountains in the west. On high, the old fat engineer raised one gauntleted hand, in passing, in benediction.

And on his slippery steel deck, as it went by under its electric light, the young man turned and lifted his peaked striped cap, looking down at her.

"Well, for goodness sake!" Melpha said over her shoulder. "What's his name?"

Standing in the evening light, smiling secretly, she said nothing.

Day after tomorrow, he would tell her his real name.



The voyage across the Atlantic, 450 years ago this month, proved Columbus one of the greatest of all sea captains

THE year 1492 was the most fateful of all in the history of Spain. It opened with the surrender of Granada by Boabdil on January 2nd; it closed—though this was not known there until April of the next year—with the discovery of the New World, then believed to be and still called the Indies. And simultaneous with the sailing of Columbus was the criminal error of Ferdinand and Isabella who, yielding to popular pressure, signed the order for the expulsion of all unbaptized Jews.

This last fact, however, has no bearing upon what is to be related here, except insofar as it was felt to be—at the time—part of the renaissance of Spain. That Columbus, after so many disappointments, at last persuaded the Spanish King and Queen to back his great enterprise, may also have been by no means un-

Columbus: Man of Mystery

By THEODORE MAYNARD

alloyed good fortune for their country. Spain's true destiny lay in the building up of a Mediterranean empire, for in those days North Africa was considered one of the "Spains." She was deflected from her course by having to throw her whole energy into exploiting the lands Columbus had discovered for her. All this was as irrelevant to Spain, and eventually as disastrous to her, as was Flanders. As George Santayana asks:

Why went Columbus to that
highland race,
Frugal and pensive, prone to
love and ire,
Despising kingdoms for a woman's face,
For honor, riches, and for faith,
desire?

He had been, if it comes to that, ready to discover America—on his own terms—for the Kings of Portu-

gal, France, or England. But his services could be only on his own terms, which the parsimonious Henry Tudor was unwilling to accept, and to which even Ferdinand and Isabella were brought only after years of haggling and hesitation. In the end, however, it was Spain that gave him his ships and men, and promised him extravagant honors and rewards upon which he insisted. And this was because Spain was ruled by a great woman who was married to a very able, if perhaps not precisely a great man. To this apparent accident we owe everything.

THOUGH much was written about Columbus by his contemporaries, most of this—as was natural enough under the circumstances—was written after the discovery. Until then he was not taken very seriously. The result is that the accounts are often contradictory and the discoverer remains a man of mystery. This was due partly to the fact that—despite his natural candor—he was obliged to step warily, and partly because the Spanish monarchs, who no doubt knew a great deal more about Columbus than he imagined, found it advisable not to publish all that they must have learned from their secret agents. The upshot is that there are grave and all but irreconcilable discrepancies in his story. While we know much, there is almost as much that we do not know, and this though few men's lives have been subjected to more careful study.

We know what he looked like—with his milky complexion, and its ruddiness, his blue eyes, and the red hair that turned prematurely white. We know of the dignity of his bearing, of his personal charm, of his being possessed by his great dream, of his piety—he was buried as a tertiary in the Franciscan habit—and of his egotism. Guarded as he was, he could not help giving himself away. But to what these qualities added up few of his contemporaries seemed to understand. Perhaps none of them really understood except the Franciscan friars who befriended him in his extremity and the wise, warm-hearted Queen Isabella, a woman whom Hernando del Pulgar describes as being at once clever and abounding in common sense—a rare combination.

It is never easy for commonplace men to understand a genius, espe-

cially when that genius fails to live up to the accepted picture. There were too many inconsistencies in this man—a poet and a visionary, yet one who was fantastic in his exactions upon his patrons and who was high-handed and suspicious toward his subordinates; a man at once generous and grasping, outrageous both in humility and pride, alternating between weakness and violence, and yet achieving what he did rather by dogged persistence than by audacity. The accounts are often so puzzling that Salvador de Madariaga advances—not for the first time but with a greater wealth of detail than any previous writer—the hypothesis that the discoverer, though undoubtedly born in Genoa, was of a family of Catalan Jews. There is no question, of course, as to the fervent Christian piety of the Christ-bearer.

The theory is plausible and is buttressed with many proofs—though here the red hair and blue eyes do not fit in very well.

Some of the arguments, moreover, hardly demonstrate Columbus' Jewish extraction. For instance, the fact that his Latin, which must have been largely self-taught, is full of the mistakes that only one whose language was Spanish and not Italian could have made shows only a Spanish but not a Jewish origin. Professor Madariaga tries to prove too much; so his thesis often strikes the reader as strained and over-subtle. Not even the gradual transformation of the name from the Italian "Colombo" through "Colomo" and "Colom" to the Spanish "Colón" can be said to indicate that the name upon which he finally decided was the one to which he was entitled.

Many a man, before and since, has modified his patronymic—and in Columbus' case there were several good reasons for his doing so. The famous Las Casas, who knew Columbus in his youth, was to write: "Divine Providence usually ordains that persons it designates to serve be given names and surnames in accordance with the task they are meant to perform. . . . He was therefore named Cristobal, i.e. *Christum ferens*, which means bringer or bearer of Christ, and so he often signed his name; for in truth he was the first to open the gates of the Ocean Sea by which he brought Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to these remote lands and realms, until then unknown. . . . His sur-

name was Colón, which means *repopulator*, a name befitting one, thanks to whose labor, so many souls, through the preaching of the Gospel . . . have gone and are going to repopulate the glorious city of Heaven."

Grandly put, yet it still remains a question as to whether Columbus—for so I shall call him from now on—was not anxious to help Providence in this as in other matters. He certainly did so during the weary years during which he was preparing himself for his life's work. "I found Our Lord most propitious," he was to write, "and to this end I received from Him a spirit of intelligence. In seamanship He made me abundant, of astrology [by which he means astronomy] He gave me enough, as well as of geometry and arithmetic, and of ingenuity in mind and hands to draw this sphere and on it the cities, rivers and mountains, islands and harbors, everything in its right place." The gifts of God are thankfully acknowledged. But he adds, "In this time I have seen and studied all writings, cosmography, histories, chronicles, and philosophy and other arts." Throughout his life he felt himself under the special guidance and protection of Heaven.

IN ALL likelihood Columbus even believed that God threw in his way, during the days when he was living in obscurity and poverty in Portugal, the letter written by Toscanelli in 1474. This sought to prove that the way to the Indies by the West was not only perfectly feasible but shorter and easier than that by the East. And with it went a map. Both letter and map Columbus copied, and with them he left Portugal for Spain. After that not even the letter King John wrote him, calling him his "special friend" and asking him to return, could lure him back—perhaps because Columbus was a little afraid that not even Providence would suffice to protect him from the cunningly cloaked anger of a prince from whose archives he had purloined such valuable information.

If he was a man of mystery, he knew himself to be a man of destiny. It was this that enabled him to support disappointment after disappointment. It was this also that almost ruined his project, which might have received backing long before it did—despite the doubts of the "ex-

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pers" appointed by the Spanish Crown to inquire into the matter—had he not made such exorbitant demands, by which he stood stubbornly, not yielding an inch. He knew his worth, or the worth of what it was he had it in his power to give those who would finance his expedition.

Was the title of Admiral and one-eighth of the prospective (and quite certain) profits too much to ask? It was to be all or nothing with him. It was always so with him, even at the end when he was removed from his Viceroyship. Then, in one of the frequent colloquies he had with God, he was assured, "Oh fool, man slow to believe and serve thy God . . . I gave thee the Indies; thou gavest them to whomsoever thou didst please, and I gave thee power to do so." From a man so sure of divine support, and so sure of himself, it was inevitable that an astounding achievement should come.

Yet in spite of all this, even the enormous courage and confidence of Columbus might well have quailed had he known how far off the Indies really were. His studies, and Toscanelli's map, convinced him that the continent of Asia was very much larger than it really was. "The end of Spain and the beginning of India," he wrote, "are not very far distant." He also believed the world to be about one quarter less than its actual size. That mistake was provi-

dential. But it also led him to the assumption that what he had discovered was, if not the Asian mainland, the "Cipangu" about which he had read in Marco Polo and the cosmographer Cardinal d'Ailly.

It may be that during his visit to the "Ultima Thule," which was probably Iceland, Columbus heard of the traditions that the Atlantic had been crossed nearly five centuries before by Leif Ericson. Probably he went there to learn what he could of this. That he kept whatever he learned to himself would be in accordance with his cautious habit. Even when talking with the Spanish monarchs and their experts, he was careful not to let out all that he knew—one reason why he was so long in convincing them. Indeed, they perhaps were not fully convinced, even when they agreed to supply him with ships and stores and to confer upon him the honors and profits he considered his due. It was rather that they were persuaded to let him try his luck; if he failed, they would be out merely the expenses of the expedition. But if he really did materialize his dreams, perhaps the price he asked was not too high.

The legend is that he was obliged to man his ships with jailbirds, released on condition that they go with him. It was not so; his second-in-command managed, by the use of considerable eloquence, to gather competent enough seamen without

resorting to the jails. Nor is it true that there was any mutiny. What is true, however, is that the Admiral thought it prudent to keep two separate logs, one for his own use, and one for his men to see. He did not want to frighten them by letting them know how far they were from Spain; otherwise they might have insisted on turning back. Also he did not want anyone who might come after him to have the whole truth at his disposal. As for the ships, he allowed the two smaller caravels to retain their frivolous names, *La Pinta* and *La Niña*. Let others sail, if they wished, in the "Painted One" and the "Girl." But he renamed his flagship; it was now the *Santa Maria*. Only his men continued to call it *Marigalante*, "Gay Mary." But even they were sufficiently pious to sing the *Salve Regina* each evening.

The voyage proved Columbus one of the greatest of sea captains, however much his skill was supplemented with the remarkable luck of fine weather and fair winds. But Oviedo, who published his *Chronicle* in 1547, remarks pertinently that though sailing by the stars was something that had long been taught in the schools of navigation, nobody, up to the time of Columbus, had had the courage to try it at sea. How great was the feat of navigation has been recently shown by Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, who, though a professional historian (and incidentally a man of letters as well) was not content to study Columbus' voyage merely from documents and books, but put his hobby to good use by retracing Columbus' course in a sailing vessel about the size of the *Santa Maria*. The result is a fascinating book, as practical as it is scientific. Here perhaps the only defect is an imperfect sympathy with the aim of the discoverer. Always he sincerely sought the glory of God. He was not merely Colón, the bearer of the standard of Spain, but Christopher, the bearer of the Cross. Entwined with it were many other things—overweening personal ambition, an exacting temper, a self-centeredness that passed all ordinary bounds, and a somewhat feeble grasp upon reality. But in spite of his confused and clouded motives he was a dedicated spirit. Isabella and Ferdinand recognized in him one whose true objects were the same as their own—the conversion of the heathen, the extension

Although he had built a bridge between two worlds, Columbus was removed as Viceroy and returned in chains to Spain

Brown Bros.



of the Kingdom of Heaven as well as the extension of the possessions of Aragon and Castile.

His glory upon his return was scarcely credible. Most of the people in the Court had not believed in him at all, but had looked upon him as half a charlatan and half a lunatic. Now he was back in the Spring of 1493 with his gold and parrots and Indian slaves, a complete demonstration beyond the most sanguine hopes of the Crown. The King and Queen made their courtiers gasp by rising to greet him and then made him sit by them as one of the blood royal. And as though that were not enough, the whole court accompanied the Admiral when he returned to his lodgings, Ferdinand riding on one side of him and the Prince on the other. The contract of Santa Fé was confirmed: he was to be a Don, and Grand Admiral, and Viceroy. When he was given his coat of arms, he was allowed to quarter them with a castle and a lion—the royal arms. And as a final touch of acknowledgment to his greatness, the ceremony of having his food tasted for poison was accorded. All this to a man of uncertain origin! Yet not one bit of it but Columbus accepted as merely his due.

The achievement was even more than he imagined, wild as his imagination was. Not yet were the main conquests foreseen. Though on later voyages Columbus was to skirt part of the southern continent and the isthmus, and was to get within a hundred and fifty miles of Yucatan, where he might have heard something of the wealth of Mexico, Mexico had still to wait for Cortes, and Peru for Pizarro. Instead, as time went on, some doubts arose as to whether the investment was going to be profitable. To make it so, the Viceroy was obliged to enslave the Indians, who otherwise would not work, or to send them to Spain to be sold—all of which went very much against the conscience of Isabella and Ferdinand. The explanation had to be accepted that the slaves were captives taken in war; at the same time the suspicion hardened into conviction that war with the Indians was fomented in order to give an excuse for taking slaves. The Crown then, as afterward under Charles V and Philip II, did its best to prevent ill-usage of the natives. But at a distance it could not do much. Spanish administrators, one after the other,

had a way of getting around royal orders: a formula was invented—the orders were to be obeyed but they were not to be carried out.

It must be said, too, that Columbus was one of the least capable of administrators. His elements were fire, air, and water; on land he was never fully himself. To his subordinates he was harsh and overbearing, and inflexible with regard to his privileges and dignities. That they were often a rough and turbulent set of men, as every administrator found in his turn is not an altogether satisfactory defense. In the end Bobadilla had to be sent out with instructions to send back to Spain any unruly elements, and he sent back Columbus and his brothers in irons.

The captain of the ship on that voyage wished to strike off the fetters. The Admiral refused to permit it. Ferdinand and Isabella must themselves set him free. When, horrified by what had happened, they immediately did so, his chains became his most valued possessions. He asked that they be buried with him.

THOUGH the Spanish monarchs did not approve of the irons, they were not blind to the deficiencies of Columbus as Viceroy. It was impossible to allow him to resume office. Already they had offered him a tract fifty leagues long, wherever he chose to take it, and the title of Duke or Marquis. He had refused everything and was not to be bought off. Again he was not to be bought off with anything less than his contractual rights. Again it was all or nothing. Now as he would not accept the golden and innocuous ease of the Court, he was allowed to go on his fourth voyage only on condition that he stay away from Española (the present Haiti) and confine himself to his new project, the finding of the back door, by means of the western passage, to the Jerusalem he would liberate. Even in failure he was magnificent.

In this, as in everything else, he was treated indulgently by the sovereigns whom, in his arrogance, he treated as though he were their equal. They were indulgent to him, as a man, even after he had given them reason for supposing that he considered himself virtually independent of the Crown. And after Isabella died, Ferdinand remained his unfaltering friend. Yet he was a very difficult person to handle, being

touchy, egotistic, and captious. It is their glory that the King and Queen understood that he was a genius, and that for a genius exceptions have to be made. His private faults they were willing to overlook, even when they could not overlook his public shortcomings.

That affection and those honors were deserved. Indeed, no man ever merited more than the one who had thrown a bridge between the two worlds. His failings, after all, were largely characteristic of his time—and are not ones of which our age can boast itself to be free. One of these was his relations with Beatriz Enriquez, who bore his son Ferdinand after the death of his Portuguese wife. It is understandable enough how a man of his temperament should, in the depths of disappointment and neglect, have turned to a woman ready to give her sympathy. So also it would ill become us to reproach him for measuring with a yardstick of gold, as that is a standard we cannot claim to have abandoned. With regard to slavery, he was merely a man of his time and, as such, not nearly so blameworthy as some of his successors. And apart from the present attempt to reduce whole nations to slavery under the *Herrenvolk*, capitalism has often been a disguised form of servitude. As for the harshness of which he was accused, he was really much less severe than many of the *conquistadores*; the trouble was that he was inconsistent and therefore appeared to be capricious. He wished to be mild, and at such times seemed weak; then, driven to desperation, he would show a hysterical fury.

Again we are brought up against the little understood fact of genius. A self-controlled, well-balanced man—of the kind that make good administrators—would have been incapable of what Columbus accomplished. The discovery of America could only have been brought about by a visionary, perhaps only by a visionary whose later years made people suspect that he was not quite sane. But the judgment passed upon him was that of common sense, and common sense could not have discovered the Indies; on the contrary from the beginning the whole weight of common sense was against Columbus. What was needed was genius, of just the type of which Columbus was filled, the genius of a man possessed.



Gendreau

Sun and Soil VS. The Underground

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

The war is bringing to a crisis the battle between power alcohol, product of the farm, and petroleum, child of the underground

NEARLY all great wars have wrought tremendous—often revolutionary—transformations in the economic life of nations. Failure to redress the balance between over-expanded production facilities and peacetime consumption after the last war brought on the Great Depression. Out of the necessities of that war sprang the American chemical industry. And now, screened from view by grim war headlines, there are being fought the opening skirmishes of what, in the title of this article, I have chosen to call the battle of sun and soil against the underground. By that, I mean a battle between the products of the soil—the crops of the farmer and the stands of the forests—against the age-old riches of the underground—iron, coal, and petroleum.

Almost since the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution the underground has supplied the raw materials of industry. Now the underground is being challenged by the products of the soil. The farm is asking for a chance to compete with the mine.

As we all know, the great industries of the present are the automo-

bile industry, the petroleum industry, and the steel industry, each of which draws its raw materials from the underground. In the future, we are now being told, the great industries will be alcohols and plastics (for which crops of the soil are a great potential source of supply), and light metals.

We shall have automobiles, but they will no longer be made of steel; they will be made of farm products and they will be lighter and stronger. They will no longer be propelled by gasoline, child of the underground, but by power alcohol, a product of the farm. And so with a score of household appliances; they no longer will be made of steel but of plastics of farm and forest.

Needless to say, at this writing the odds are against farm crops. It is mainly the organic chemists, the shock troops of the forces arrayed behind the farm in this battle against the mine, who are bold enough to



Evans Gallery

say that the underground is through. The farmers, unorganized and lacking capital, hope the chemists are right but they are as yet hardly more than bystanders.

Arrayed on the other side are the rich, powerful, and entrenched steel and petroleum industries, commanding the skill and talents of hundreds of scientists, who are laboring day and night in research laboratories to maintain the advantage of their employers.

The underground has maintained its position throughout the decades as the supplier of raw materials for industry because it has always been able to undersell the farm. The

processing of farm products into raw materials of industry is in its infancy, in the experimental stage, and no one knows whether the claims of the experimenters that they can compete with the great petroleum and steel industries are well-founded.

But it is worth while examining these claims, because should they be fulfilled on even a modest scale, the implications would be momentous. The agricultural outlook would be changed. From an industry plagued by overproduction and low prices, agriculture would become a thriving enterprise. The United States might become more completely self-sufficient than ever before, and our postwar planners, instead of erecting a postwar world economy based upon a free international exchange of goods, might have to recast their plans along lines that would leave international trade pretty much out of account.

Heretofore, as we all know, the chief function of agriculture has been to supply our people with food. Its products have entered into industry only on a small scale. The raw materials of the great industries have come from under the ground.

Now, along come the organic chemists, with a new blueprint for the future. Petroleum, they say, is a vanishing resource. The time when it will be exhausted is in sight. No fear of exhaustion of our ore resources is suggested, but, say the organic chemists, the heavy metals are doomed, except for structural forms; they will be replaced by plastics and light metals which will be lighter and cheaper.

THE SOIL and the sun, on the other hand, are inexhaustible resources. Year after year they produce crops from which we can process substitutes for petroleum and steel. These farm crops, the organic chemists say, are genuinely competitive with the underground raw materials, and even if they were not, we should have to turn to them to replace petroleum because that is a vanishing resource.

The petroleum interests do not share the alarm over the failing supply. Yet, we have it on the authority of Ralph K. Davies, Deputy Petroleum Co-ordinator, an oil man himself, that proved crude oil reserves (known reserves underground) do not exceed 20,000,000,000 barrels. At

the rate of present consumption, which is about 1,900,000,000 barrels a year and which probably will be higher next year and the year after if the war continues, Davies estimates that our production will run out in thirteen years. Other petroleum experts say the life of the reserves will be from 15 to 20 years.

Of course, there is always the possibility that new oil sands will be discovered, but new discoveries have been on a declining scale—810,000,000 barrels in 1938; 487,000,000 in 1939; 350,000,000 in 1940; 92,000,000 in 1941.

When the oil supplies are gone, the organic chemists say we shall have to turn to alcohol as a fuel, and this is where the farm crops come in, for grains, any starchy plant, but primarily grains, are the logical sources of alcohol.

It is through alcohol, according to the chemists, that farm products would find a place among the nation's industrial war materials. From alcohol you can make rubber and plastics, to say nothing of solvents, lacquers, and close to 1000 other industrial articles.

If the chemists make good their claims, alcohol, which may be made from corn or wheat and other grains, could supply some of the plastics for the body of an automobile, tires for the wheels, and fuel for the motor.

Power alcohol was produced before the war in forty countries at the rate of 200,000,000 imperial gallons annually, so it is not an untried thing. In a few countries in Europe thirty per cent of alcohol was added to gasoline. The *Nathalit* blend in South Africa and the *Carburant National* in France contained fifty per cent alcohol.

In our own country, because we have had a surplus of grain for the last ten years running at the rate of about 1,000,000,000 bushels a year (mostly corn), we have a peculiarly persuasive reason for turning some of this surplus into alcohol for fuel and other industrial uses.

A Polish chemist who testified before the Senate Agricultural subcommittee, where the possibilities of the industrial uses of farm products have recently been developed fully for the first time, stated that if 1,000,000,000 bushels of corn could be transformed into power alcohol we would get about 2,500,000,000 gallons of this product, which would be about ten

per cent of the present gasoline consumption.

The advantage of disposing of our grain surpluses in this manner, he argued, would be chiefly two: (1) we would remove the surplus of grains which hangs over the market and save the taxpayers a vast sum of money, (2) we would reduce the drain upon our dwindling reserves of gasoline.

AT PRESENT the Government is paying about \$500,000,000 annually in grants to induce farmers to decrease sown acreage and thus keep down the mounting surpluses. To store and handle the annual surpluses costs many additional millions.

And for \$500,000,000, the annual cost of keeping down acreage planted to grain, the Polish chemist, M. M. Rosten, estimated that we could build 800 plants to process grain into alcohol.

The petroleum industry has always objected that the cost of power alcohol would be six times that of gasoline. But Rosten and other chemists who have had experience in producing alcohol from grain challenge the statement. Considering the value of the by-products—the protein residue from the processing of alcohol into grain which is valuable as fodder for cattle—and considering the savings accruing from establishing the alcohol plants in the areas of consumption, they say the cost would not differ more than a cent or two either way from the cost of gasoline.

We have not made alcohol from grain on an appreciable scale, except in the whiskey distilleries, because it could be produced cheaper from sugar molasses or synthetically from petroleum. But now sugar molasses (which was largely imported) is no longer available because of transportation difficulties. Our requirements, meanwhile, have risen steadily. In 1940 we used only 127,000,000 gallons, this year it is estimated we shall use 300,000,000 and in 1943 from 400,000,000 to 500,000,000.

Now, fuel is only one of the major uses for alcohol. From alcohol we can also make rubber. In this country, in fact, we have not produced power alcohol, but processes for producing rubber from alcohol have been worked out in laboratories and pilot plants, and the process has been well developed on a commercial scale in Europe. Poland had been making

rubber from alcohol (derived from potatoes) before she was overrun by the Nazis, and Russia has been making it since before the war. In the recent German advance, Russia lost synthetic rubber plants, which used alcohol as the base stock, reputed to have a capacity of from 50,000 to 60,000 tons.

Only last February, the Russians offered to supply this country with the "know how" of its rubber process so that we could set up plants in this country, but the offer was disregarded.

Now, thanks to the efforts of the farm bloc in Congress, our government has decided to produce 200,000 tons of synthetic rubber from alcohol, of which about ninety per cent will be grain alcohol.

It takes about 200,000,000 gallons of alcohol to produce 200,000 tons of synthetic rubber, and it takes about 40,000 bushels of grain to produce 100,000 gallons of alcohol. Thus, we shall convert about 80,000,000 bushels of grain into rubber, but that will be but a small part of the grain surplus.

If we were to go all the way with the chemists who are urging us to conserve our dwindling petroleum reserves and substitute alcohol from grain for a substantial part of our gasoline requirements and for all of our projected 1,100,000-ton synthetic rubber program, we should have an outlet for all of our surplus grains, and instead of curtailing grain production we probably would be embarking on a greatly expanded grain-growing schedule during the coming year.

Our potential capacity for producing alcohol, according to the chemists, is enormous. In addition to the grain surpluses, we have another substantial raw material which could be readily converted into alcohol—a waste product of the wood-pulp industry known as sulfite liquor which is being poured into lakes and streams. The pulp industry in the United States alone produces annually about 450,000 tons of this liquor, a quantity sufficient to produce 100,000,000 gallons of alcohol at low cost.

Research in the use of farm products in industry, as I have said before, is in its infancy. Until a few years ago almost no experimentation had been carried on. But as early as 1939,

the Department of Agriculture published a bulletin supporting the thesis that alcohol from farm products certainly could be utilized as a motor fuel.

Since 1939, the Department has erected four regional laboratories to carry on experiments in the use of agricultural products industrially.

At the Northern Regional laboratory at Peoria, Ill., a good deal of work has been done on the problem of converting alcohol into rubber.

In co-operation with the Bureau of Plant Industry and the Iowa State College Experiment Station, the Peoria Laboratory has also conducted researches in industrial uses for corn other than for conversion into alcohol.

Since one of the important constituents of corn is starch, the laboratory has devoted a good deal of time to looking into new uses for cornstarch. We had been importing 600,000,000 pounds of tapioca starch from the Malay states until the Japs overran that area. After the loss of this source of supply, the Peoria Laboratory began looking around for a substitute.

A substitute was found in a variety of corn known as waxy corn, whose starch content appears to have qualities similar to those of the cassava root from which the tapioca starch is derived. Tests have established that it is a completely adequate substitute for the tapioca starch in the manufacture of mucilage used on postage stamps and gummed labels. It is also useful in the sizing of paper.

This year the Iowa State College Experiment Station at Ames, Iowa, will grow about 300 acres of this waxy corn. More resistant to drought than ordinary corn, waxy corn may provide a livelihood for farmers in states where the raising of ordinary corn is now a risky venture.

The foregoing survey merely scratches the surface of the potentialities which the chemists foresee for agriculture as a competitor of the mines—the underground resources, which after all, are merely agricultural products that are in a carbonized state.

The polish chemist, Rosten, told the Senate Committee that the era of agricultural overproduction was approaching its end.

"I think the large demand for alcohol for fuel and for organic chemistry will create a new outlet which

will consume all the agricultural overproduction in the United States, and not only in the United States but in the world," he said. "Agricultural production can be transformed. I think that today the production of alcohol for war purposes is very timely, and at present our effort is a war effort, to win this war. This war will open up markets for agricultural products, agricultural marketing, if the United States Government will make possible the transformation of large quantities of agricultural products into alcohol on a sound economic basis."

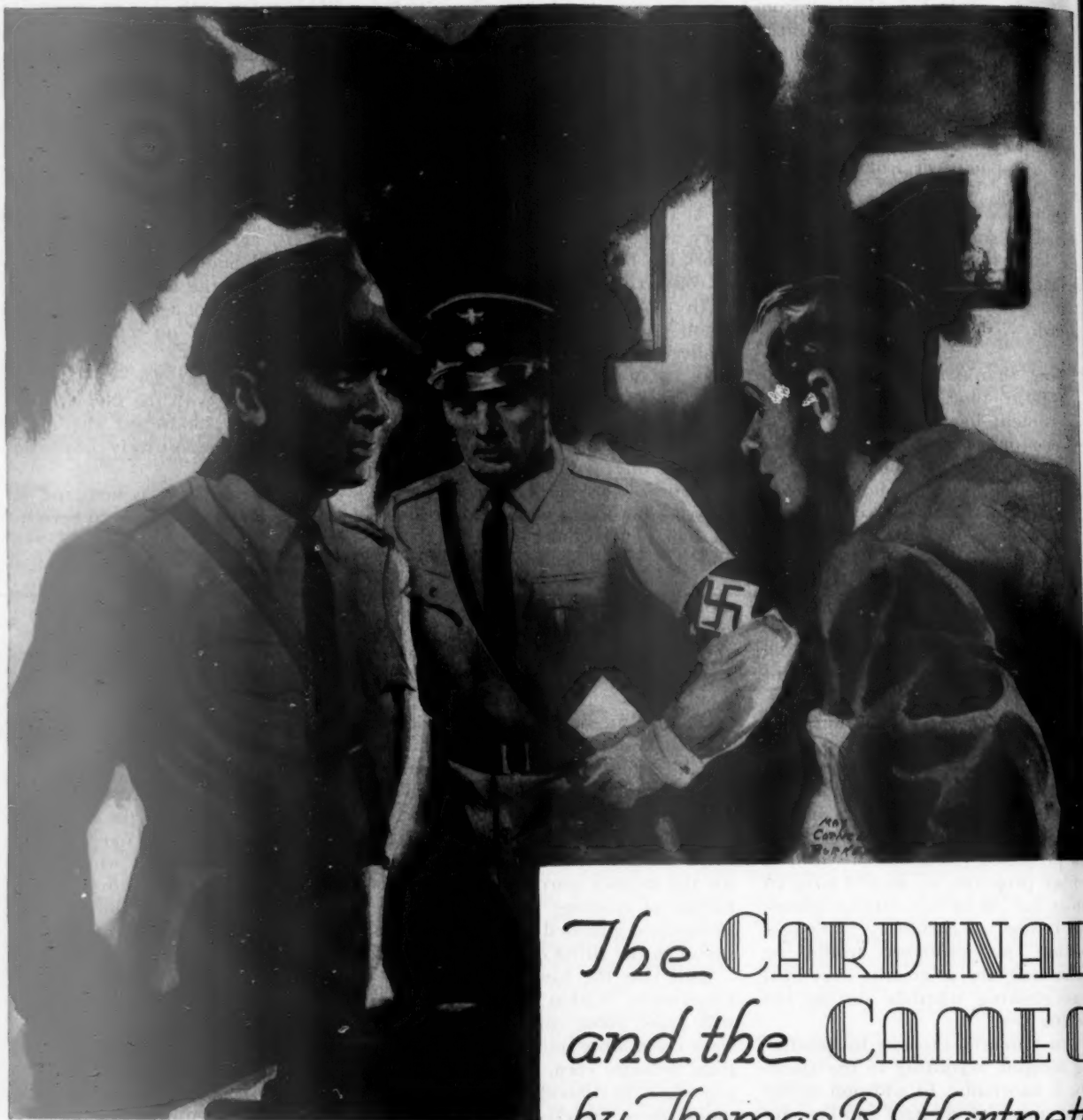
Another chemist, Dr. William J. Hale, formerly with the Dow Chemical Company, addressed the committee in a more positively prophetic vein.

"The chemical age is here and it has come through a chemical revolution starting with the first World War. Substitution is the motif of the age. Ersatz! The machine age is past. Of course, we shall see all the improvements and blessings of the machine age throughout the ages to come, but this age is not the machine age. It is the chemical age and will be followed by another age, a hundred years from now, which will be called the biological age.

"This chemical age came about through a revelation on the structure of plant life. Preceding 1905 we had no intimate knowledge whatsoever of the structure and growth of a living plant, but following the work of noted organic chemists of the latter part of the last century, we are now pretty well versed on how a plant breathes and has its being.

"That immediately opens up a new world of organic chemistry known as agriculture. It behooves us, therefore, as organic chemists, to make use of agriculture if we are to succeed as a people."

WHETHER the dream of the chemists comes true, time will tell. Already the war has forced the closed gates ajar and farm products are finding their first large-scale use as raw materials of industry in the synthetic rubber program. Vast accumulations of capital have a large stake in the products of the underground. They will not willingly let the farm products crowd them out. But the battle is on—soil and sun against the underground. If the farm products win, a new day is breaking for the farmer.



That last intense look in his eyes—was it regret at having to do a distasteful job—or was it a warning?

The CARDINAL and the CAMEO by Thomas R. Hartnett

THAT Sunday morning I had been lounging around, after Mass, in my small apartment on Petkumstrasse, in Hamburg. I had come on from press-headquarters in Berlin to cover a routine assignment in connection with a dinner being given one of the Fuehrer's heroic submarine commanders. It promised to be a very dull affair.

I looked out on the street and at the row of stolid, two-family houses opposite. The bright December sun-

light revealed their drabness, their almost melancholy aspect, for today there was little sign of movement or activity or life, along the quiet tree-lined street. In past years, I had walked of a Sunday along this street to Uhlenhorster Weg, the "Riverside Drive" of Hamburg, and, once on that beautiful avenue, my steps had often led me to the *Fährhaus*. In those days, I had liked to sit under the trees in this garden, and listen to the band music blaring from a stand

at one end, and watch the canoeists at the water's edge, laughing and jesting, and enjoying their beer.

My year's assignment in Germany was almost up and I hadn't run afoul of the Gestapo yet. I'd be transferred, in January, to Cairo perhaps, or London, or Tokio. Or even back home. A reporter—how I hated "foreign correspondent!"—never knew where he'd be sending news from next. In these days, he didn't know whether he'd be sending news at all.

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"You fellows meet such interesting people." That cliché struck me now as the height of absurdity as I looked across at the staid, rather shabby middle-class houses that lined Petkumstrasse. Oh, I'd met a few princes, a millionaire or two, a rajah who owned a string of polo ponies and the best cellar in Europe. I'd even had five minutes of the Fuehrer's time, once. But interesting?

The most interesting German I had ever met was a poor kid who had been a schoolmate of mine, back in my New England home town. His father, an engineer of some kind, had brought Karl there from his birthplace in Germany when the youngster was about sixteen.

Karl had had a terrible time for the first couple of years: how cruel high-school kids can be! Not deliberately cruel, of course; just indifferently, unthinkingly cruel. They laughed at Karl's odd clothes, they mimicked his valiant, but vain, attempts to master the pronunciation of our English "th" and "w", and then, ruthlessly boylike, they mocked his wounded pride. I wasn't much better than the other kids, but I do think I tried to defend Karl. I know he thought I did. He told me so—a hundred embarrassing times.

A sensitive kid, Karl Zimmer: sensitive and thoughtful. No athlete—his efforts at baseball and basketball were ludicrous—we nevertheless hit it off pretty well together. I suppose that our common interest was literature, particularly the more serious essays, discourses, and sermons of the literary philosophers. For after we had finished high school and had entered the local small college, I discovered that Karl's thoughtfulness sprang from a deeply meditative turn of mind.

I can't say that our Philosophy courses were brilliant, but Karl's talk often was. It was so much older, more mature, than was his blue-eyed, blond countenance. He had read everything (and, I suspect, understood most of it) that touched on Scholastic Philosophy, Apologetics, and things like that. Things that none of our half-backs or quarter milers knew anything about. He had read everything—except Cardinal Newman. I introduced him to the works of that great Cardinal, and Karl became an absorbed student of the great Tractarian.

That was all I did for Karl, but he

An American reporter in Hamburg receives a visit from the Nazis—and a double surprise . . .

never forgot it. Shortly after Commencement he gave me a superbly bound, pocket-size copy of Cardinal Newman's *The Idea of a University*. He had caught me off guard, that day.

"Well, Bill," he said, "I'll be leaving you tomorrow. Dad's got a contract down in Peru. From there—who knows? Anyway, old friend, I want you to have this." And he handed me the book.

Impulsively I drew off my finger an onyx cameo seal ring he had admired. Strictly speaking, it wasn't a cameo at all. It was what I think is called an intaglio, with the usual conventionalized head. In those youthful days we occasionally amused ourselves wax-sealing letters, then impressing this figure on the seal. It gave those letters an appearance of vast importance out of all proportion to their contents. Intaglio or not, we called it a cameo seal ring. Now I held it in my hand.

"Karl," I said, "here's—well, let's call it the seal of our friendship.

Wherever you may find yourself, don't forget that there'll be a small-town newspaper reporter here, wishing you luck."

That was the last I'd seen of Karl. I did receive a couple of Christmas cards from him, years apart, from Callao and from Melbourne. Nothing else. Evidently he was following in his engineer-father's footsteps, who had thrice circled the globe on various projects.

A ray of the December sunlight shafted across my chair, effectively ending this little reverie. I walked over to draw the curtain a little before sitting down to pound out my daily stint of fifteen hundred words. At that moment a sharp knock sounded as if my door had been rapped with brass knuckles. Wondering at this staccato summons, I moved over and opened the door.

In the dimness of the light of the hall, I made out two uniformed members of the *Schwarzenkorps*, the

There was no signature; that is, unless you consider for signature a small blood-red stain



black-shirted group that includes the most trusted trouble shooters of the Demagogue of Berchtesgaden.

"Come in, gentlemen," I invited, but even before I had finished speaking they were in my room. I saw that each held an official-looking pad fastened to a writing board, and the inevitable indelible pencil. Germans couldn't survive without indelible pencils! I closed the door as they turned to face me.

One was a grizzled, pock-marked commander of the Black Corps. His buck teeth showed yellow around lips that were of a dirty lemon color. The other, a Captain, was younger, blue-eyed, blond, with a strangely familiar look. They saluted briefly, my mind working overtime to try to recall where—

My eyes had seen the flash of the gold band on the younger officer's hand, and now came to rest on a black cameo seal ring. Karl!

I glanced up eagerly, my hand half extended, my lips half-forming a shout of welcome. Karl's mouth was set in a rigid blue line, his eyes were looking at a point on my smoking jacket about three inches below my chin. His eyes would not meet mine—he showed no sign of recognition.

"Herr Greyson," said Buck Teeth, "we have come to check your passport, your police card, and—ah—your apartment. Proceed, *Herr Kapitän!*"

I laughed shortly. "I hope my papers are in order. I was at the *Polizeibureau* only yesterday."

Karl said not a word. He looked at my passport, my press authorization, my police card. He handed them to the Commander, or Kommandant, or whatever they're called, who, after glancing at them swiftly, returned them to me.

"All in order," he grunted.

Karl then began an inventory of my two small rooms. Buck Teeth moved stiffly a pace or two behind, his adder-eyes following every move that Karl made. From my bedroom Karl's curiously lugubrious tone called out the items of my few personal belongings, while the Commander jotted them down on his pad with vicious little jabs.

"Two extra pairs of shoes—leather. One extra suit—blue. One raincoat."

What in the world did this inspection mean? I'd been through quite a few inventories, of one kind or another, since September 1939, but this—

"Two military brushes," intoned Karl, adding, as I heard him tap their backs, "—solid. One shaving mirror, also solid. One razor—electric—"

"*Himmel!* but you are slow here, *mein Kapitän!*," snapped Buck Teeth.

Karl murmured an apology, then coming out into my living-room—"one typewriter—portable. One brief case—empty. One traveling bag—"

"Open it!" commanded Buck Teeth, "*und Alle Vetter!* hurry up about it!"

Karl stooped over my bag, his body partly concealed from the Commander's view by my one concession to comfort—a heavy stuffed leather chair. "Paper—pencils—" he called, then stopped.

From where I stood, I could see his face crimson, his hand tremble, as he lifted the thin edition of Cardinal Newman's *The Idea of a University* from the side pocket of my bag. Quickly, noiselessly, he tore out the fly-leaf on which, so many years ago, he had inscribed his name. He placed this on his large pad and covered it with his hand. Then he held up the book for the Commander's inspection.

"*Ei!*" cried Buck Teeth, "what have we here!" He snatched the book, which I had taken from Karl to hand to him, and scrutinized it closely for several moments. "*Ach—Katholische!*" he sniffed finally, and thrust it back at me.

As I turned to put the book back in my bag, I saw Karl wiping his hand with his handkerchief, squeezing his right hand slightly with his left. He saluted the Commander and reported that the inventory was finished.

"*Gut!*" exclaimed Buck Teeth.

They both saluted stiffly then, and left. I thought I detected a thin line of red running down Karl's little finger into his palm; I know he gave me a parting look of strange intensity.

"A nice party, that!" I thought. What in the world was wrong now? Undoubtedly, I was to be placed in "protective custody." I'd seen things of that kind happen to other newspapermen. They had soon learned that the accent was not so much on protection as it was on custody.

But why? The last word we'd had indicated no immediate change in

the strained relations that had existed for months, now, between Washington and Berlin. Were the Nazis getting impatient?

And Karl? How did it happen that he was in the Black Shirts, that group which I knew was privy to the Fuehrer's innermost secrets? I imagined that he had found himself back in his native land, and that he had been given the well-known "—or else" alternative. That he had been caught thus, I had little doubt; that he would willingly embrace their fool doctrines, I couldn't believe: he had read too much for that. He was too great an admirer of Justin the Martyr, of Hilary of Arles, of John Damascene—of Cardinal Newman.

I thought of his stern, yet distressed face; of the peculiarly dolorous sound of his voice as he had called out the list of my personal effects; of his bleeding finger as he raised his hand in that last salute. And that last intense look in his eyes . . . Was it merely regret at having to do a distasteful job—a sort of "Sorry, Bill, I hate this more than you do"—or was it—was it a warning?

Oh, well, these conjectures were idle, these speculations got nowhere. I had work to do. I had to send word, somehow, to the Press Chief in Berlin. Thank goodness I had only about three weeks more in the Third Reich anyway!

I walked over to my typewriter to punch out the letter, my mind a confused mixture of indignation at my present plight, of sorrow (tinged, I am ashamed to say, with a little contempt) for Karl, and of anger toward the whole Nazi regime.

There was no copy-paper on the table, and I reached for my bag to get some. I opened it. On the top lay the fly-leaf of *The Idea of a University* torn by Karl from my book.

He had written:

GO—NOW! JAPAN HAS ATTACKED YOUR COUNTRY! TOMORROW WE WILL BE ENEMIES—TOMORROW YOU WILL BE INTERNED. LAST PLANE FOR STOCKHOLM LEAVES IN ONE HOUR. GO—AT ONCE! GOD-SPEED!

There was no signature. That is, unless you consider, for signature, a small blood-red stain, in which the impress of a cameo seal ring could clearly be discerned.

THE field of inter-American collaboration and understanding offers Catholics of North America an opportunity to foster the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere and to serve the interests of their Nation and their Church. There is a need for better mutual understanding between the peoples of both hemispheres. It is important that we proceed in an organized and systematic way to help the South American people arrive at a better knowledge of North American Catholic institutions, and we must endeavor to learn more about our neighbors to the south—their history, culture heritage, and religion.

There exists at the present time a magnificent opportunity to foster solidarity between the Americas. The need of mutual help should not be confined to mere monetary exchange or the required raw materials demanded by the exigencies of the war. The respective cultures of both North and South America, religious, social, educational, must form the essentially secure basis of the real Good Neighbor Policy so desired at the moment, a policy which will lay the foundation of lasting and respected mutual friendship.

"The Americas," said Simón Bolívar, "united in spirit and purpose, cannot be disappointed in their peaceful destiny. So may the day come when Pan America can lead



Typical South American students. An increasing number are coming here for study

Inter-American Student Exchange

By ELOY SANTIAGO

a distracted world into permanent peace and brotherhood." North Americans have not in the past realized that the Western Hemisphere is composed of two divergent Americas, and that the twenty republics which we call Latin America are not one country in temperament, in cultural status, or in present problems.

In our efforts to build a Western Hemisphere solidarity we must consider: (1) the differences existing between all these neighbors, (2) their cultural backgrounds, (3) their economic security and future problems, (4) racial problems, which in South America are obvious when we consider the Negro republic of Haiti, the mestizos in Ecuador and Mexico, the Indian question in the Central American republics, and the Negroes in Brazil and Venezuela. But in spite

of these differences which separate the twenty republics economically, culturally, socially, and racially, there are common bonds uniting all of them—their faith and their love for independence.

The Section of Inter-American Collaboration in the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference was established to make a contribution to the general cause through the development of the field of scholarships and teacher exchange. This Section came into existence in February 1941. Upon the receipt of application for a scholarship, it requires of the student a statement of his past academic record, which makes it possible to

evaluate his credits according to the entrance requirements in Catholic colleges and universities in the United States. On this subject of entrance requirements the Inter-American Section has prepared a table comparing the educational systems of Canada, the United States, and Central and South America, as a means of avoiding unnecessary delays and correspondence, and with the idea of permitting the students, while still in South America, to correct possible deficiencies in their preparation, before coming to an American college or university. A table of prerequisites has been prepared showing the entrance requirements to professional schools in the United States and the entrance requirements to undergraduate colleges.

The application is then sent to the

college or university offering the scholarship. It is understood that such college or university reserves the right to accept or reject the student presented.

For the year 1942-43, the number of graduate scholarships has been greatly increased. The Inter-American Section is now in a position to offer about thirty graduate scholarships in the fields of education, science, and social work. On the professional side for next year there are three openings for medicine and one complete scholarship in dentistry.

If we consider for a minute what graduate work means to Ibero-American students, because of the lack of certain resources and facilities in South American universities, and the work which for quite a while has been done in non-Catholic institutions offering graduate work, we must agree that the awakening of the Catholic institutions in the United States toward such a need, is really praiseworthy.

Still, the importance of graduate work is not merely the training of graduate students in the United States. It also affords a magnificent opportunity for the utilization of those students as part-time instructors and assistants to teach Ibero-American history, culture, and development. They can also bring about a more thorough understanding of a civilization 400 years old, and a colorful history based on the same principle of American democracy—the love of freedom.

The program of student exchange does not end with the placement of the student. Followup work is necessary to assure that the students are properly taken care of. The following are some steps that have been taken in this connection:

1. Securing for the student an institution which is best fitted for his needs and those of his country.

2. Through the alumni associations and student federations existing in the school, making the student feel a part of the student body in action, identified with student life, sound recreational activities, leadership participation, extracurricular activities, etc.

3. Co-operation with Ibero-American clubs, American student societies—professional, religious and recreational; similar Catholic groups outside the schools, etc. On this aspect it will be interesting to note

that quite a number of Spanish papers are already being edited and that the *Eco Español* at St. Bonaventure and the Spanish Paper at Notre Dame are splendid examples in Ibero-American work.

4. Last but not least, the integration of the Ibero-American student into the American family life, so that he may see the "American Way" in full swing—American tradition and hospitality. Special gratitude is due a number of Catholic families who have done a splendid job in this field, by taking Ibero-American students into their homes during vaca-

INTER-AMERICANISM

"In our international relations we have made a happy start on this Western Hemisphere. At a time when absolutist nations are fighting for world domination, when the sovereignty of small nations has been wantonly violated, when human rights have been suppressed, when with the force of physical might an attempt is being made to set up super-nations and super-races, here on this Western Hemisphere we have proclaimed neighborliness to be the pervading spirit of our international relations. We have agreed that we shall live together as good neighbors.

"This is our undertaking, this is our proclamation. It remains for us to put this true Christian concept in international relations to the test. We must see to it that there is no economic exploitation, that justice and charity prevail in our international trade, that culturally we borrow the best from each other.

"But this is not enough. We must work together in setting up in the countries of the Western Hemisphere a true Christian social order and give to all the world a spectacle of genuine Christian culture. It is fine to talk about human rights, but our talk is idle rhetoric unless we fix these rights on a firm foundation."—Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago.

tion and holidays, and showing them real American hospitality.

Another point never neglected is the student's adaptation to his new environment—his success in meeting the language requirements, sometimes very difficult, his school program, and his all-around school life. He is often contacted, and given ad-

vice in everyday problems and troubles. The letters received in our office from students prove beyond doubt that they are happy, and that they are really learning, not only academic courses, but also many things about the American people which are completely new to all of them.

Although the future of the program of the Section of Inter-American Collaboration, through the medium of Catholic colleges and universities, is still in the process of development, we can discern several major accomplishments. The first is the stability of the program. The fact that the Section is now a permanent part of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and has the interest and active collaboration of the National Catholic Educational Association, guarantees that the program will be a permanent one.

Furthermore, while we still have to work hard to attain all our objectives, the fact remains that we have accomplished in two years one of the most impressive single efforts ever attempted in the field of Inter-American scholarships. Last year's program totaled 109 scholarships worth \$29,202—42 scholarships for men, worth \$9,655, and 67 for women, worth \$19,547—in addition to 132 scholarships which have been running (40 full, 92 partial, worth approximately \$45,000). For this year, 1942-43, while we have deliberately withdrawn a number of partial scholarships, we have nevertheless increased the number of full undergraduate scholarships and added 30 graduate scholarships. Although the exact money equivalent has not as yet been estimated, it will surely be more than last year.

But it is not the number of scholarships granted that counts most in this year's program. It is the awakening of the Catholic people of North America to their responsibility in this national emergency and their willingness to co-operate to the best of their abilities. The impressive program has been made possible solely by the generous collaboration of the Catholic colleges and universities, which at all times have been willing to co-operate and do their part. Another factor is the realization by Catholic organizations that the resources exist, and that we need only to utilize them.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

An Unusual Factory

► ONE OF THE MOST interesting—and one of the least known—manufacturing companies in America is discussed by Pete Martin in the "Saturday Evening Post":

When that badgered citizen, the average man, shaves himself, turns out the light, listens to the radio, gets an antitetanus shot, looks at the time, or does any one of a thousand and one ordinary everyday things, he may be paying unconscious tribute to a sprawling giant of a factory in Waterbury, Connecticut. The Scovill Manufacturing Company makes and processes such a fabulous number of metal products, it's almost impossible to turn around without using one. When you drop a nickel into a subway turnstile, you may be handling a Scovill product, since Scovill makes millions of nickel blanks annually for the United States Mint. When you fasten a dress with a metal fastener or hive up dimes in a dime bank, the chances are you are using more Scovill products. They make such widely divergent items as Chinese money, divers' helmets, cosmetic containers, electric-furnace parts, rivets for airplanes, parachute fasteners, and safety pins. In the 1870's the company began the manufacture of the Queen Anne lamp burner, the brass jigger that raises and lowers a wick into a tank of kerosene. Millions of these burners have been sold all over the world, and are still selling. Oil for the lamps of China burned itself out through Scovill burners. Standard Oil bought shiploads of them, transported them to the Orient, and sold them to the Chinese to create a market for petroleum products. During the depression, the sales graph of Queen Anne burners humped itself up like a dromedary's back, as did the sale of overall buttons. Mountains of overall buttons and fasteners rolled out of Waterbury every day during 1930 and '31 to secure the garments of people who found the overall a durable and cheap covering during lean years. In all, Scovill makes more than 300,000 different products.

Refugee Wealth

► MORE THAN five billion dollars in cash, jewels, and treasure has been brought to America by fugitives from Hitler. In "American Magazine" S. F. Porter describes the "Refugee Gold Rush":

More than 250,000 refugees have fled to the United States since Hitler began to enslave Europe. Mostly we think of them as a throng of pitiful, penniless, persecuted wanderers, accepting American charity, finding haven here to mend their broken lives.

Many of them are just that. But it may surprise you

to learn that many others have come here so well heeled that their combined wealth runs into billions of dollars! The fortune in gold, jewels, and art treasures which they have cleverly managed to smuggle out of Europe represents the greatest flood of wealth that ever poured from one continent to another.

In the seven years from 1935 to 1942 it has totaled \$5,230,700,000. America today holds the money of the world, the fortunes of men and women who once were among the financial, social, and political rulers of European nations. . . .

One refugee from a Balkan country is reported to have fed his jewels to cattle, then to have sent the cattle across the border to a neutral country, and to have slaughtered the animals there and retrieved his fortune. A refugee from Germany is said to have driven across the border in an automobile, the fenders of which were made of pure gold (painted black, of course).

Part of the wealth came here in cash and went into safe-deposit boxes or bank accounts. Part came in securities accounts which went on the records of such internationally connected firms as J. P. Morgan, Lazard Frères, Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co.

Part came in diamonds and went into vaults or trusted agencies here. In the period between January 1936 and September 1941, \$132,000,000 of cut diamonds were shipped to the United States. Today the diamond center of the world has been transferred to New York from Amsterdam and Brussels.

American jewelry buyers and pawnshop dealers have necklaces, bracelets, and rings belonging to refugees and valued into the hundreds of thousands. One dealer is said to hold a black pearl necklace, worth \$200,000! A Czechoslovakian merchant arrived with an elaborate clock which he immediately sold for \$8,000. A titled foreigner is reported to have sent a dozen race horses to the United States. Passage, \$400 each. In 1940, at least 80 Rolls-Royces made the ocean voyage.

Dehydrated Foods

► WHEN THEY HEARD a story going the rounds that Uncle Sam is seeking 200,000,000 pounds of water-removed foodstuffs, the editors of "Advertising & Selling" published for their readers the following information about dehydrated foods:

Dehydrated foods—which were actually invented thousands of years before the beginning of written history—are at last assured of a vast future. The same virtues which give them high value in military operations will hold over into peacetime.

Saving in shipping weight—a factor that runs as high

as 85 per cent for certain vegetables—will still mean a transportation economy which will bulk large on long-haul commodities.

Saving in storage space will still be an asset to warehouses and retailers as well as a convenience on kitchen shelves.

The space-saving runs from around 50 per cent upward to 70 per cent, with additional savings possible through wider development and application of compression processes, such as are already in use on oatmeal for export trade.

Packaging, too, will continue to be a factor favorable to dehydrated foods. The fact that, some day, tin and glass will again become available in ample quantities for the civilian market will deprive them of neither the undeniable economies nor the effective showmanship which are possible in their containers.

In addition (provided, as seems probable, that the men in the Army and Navy like the dehydrated foods served them) dehydrated foods will have something they have hitherto lacked—a mass-market of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons familiar with their possibilities and conveniences, and educated to accept them or ask for them.

In the interim the industry will be subject to the growing pains of accelerated development. It may furnish something of the same sort of business drama as did the automobile industry.

Voice Library

► A RECENT ADDITION to the library of Yale University is G. Robert Vincent's collection of famous voices. The collection is described by "Newsweek":

In 1888 Thomas A. Edison sent his London representative, George E. Gouraud, a "phonogram." When Gouraud played the slim wax cylinder on one of the new Edison phonographs he heard his employer say:

Gouraud, agent of my choice,
Let my balance sheets rejoice,
Send me Mr. Gladstone's voice.

Gouraud obliged. He not only persuaded Britain's Prime Minister to make a recording but likewise added the voices of Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, and a host of other notables for the collection of famous voices Edison was making for posterity.

These records and more than 5,000 others are in the unique collection which G. Robert Vincent, New York sound engineer, last week presented to the Yale University Library at the request of Bernhard Knollenberg, Yale librarian. . . .

Vincent began collecting voices when he was the 12-year-old editor of a boys' magazine. Charles Edison, son of the inventor and now Governor of New Jersey, was a co-editor. Through him Vincent borrowed an Edison recording machine, lugged it out to Oyster Bay, and tackled ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. He got a record of a fighting Teddy giving a bit of fighting advice to American youth:

"Act as good citizens, the same way I'd expect every one of you to act in a football game. Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard." . . .

The fragile wax record won't stand many playings,

so Vincent has transferred the sound from the ancient cylinders to modern discs. After the Yale National Voice Library begins to function, patrons will be able to play these new discs just as customers of a record shop try out the latest swing recordings in a booth. Some prize items:

Woodrow Wilson, propped up on his death bed, predicting the present war.

P. T. Barnum hailing Edison's new invention.

The sounding of the charge by the trumpeter and the trumpet which sent the Light Brigade into the Valley of Death at Balaklava. (The trumpeter was one of the few survivors and made the record thirty-six years later for Gouraud. The instrument had also been used at Waterloo.)

Voices of every United States President from Cleveland to Franklin D. Roosevelt; the actors Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Sarah Bernhardt; Mark Twain and Pope Leo XIII.

Global Golf

► ALTHOUGH GOLF is of Scotch origin, it is played by people of all nationalities, as evidenced by the following item from the "Chicago Daily News":

Golf is a grand old Scotch game. We are reminded of that fact by perusal of the third-round results of the Chicago National Amateur Golf Tournament at Knollwood.

Mike Stolarik defeated Mike Benciscutto; Wilford Wehrle defeated F. Ray Bowen; Manuel De La Torre defeated Johnny Lehman; Art Doering defeated Frank Stranahan; Ray Billows defeated John Wagner; Frank Kovack defeated Bob Rosencrance; Steve Kovack defeated Jack Duers; Lou Esposito defeated Bill Ludolph.

No; these names are not from the roster of the first team of Notre Dame's "fighting Irish." They are the boys who play the good old Scotch game the way it has to be played to get past the preliminary rounds. Maybe golf, like modern warfare, has assumed a global aspect.

Gandhi's Courtesy

► MOHANDAS GANDHI occupies a conspicuous position on the Indian stage in these ominous days. One side of his character is revealed by Giralda Forbes in an article in the "Catholic World":

I never met Gandhi, but I can tell a story about him that is little known, if at all, in America. It is both amusing and true, and typical of the man. It concerns an incident in which Gandhi and a missionary friend of mine were the chief actors. I had the story from the missionary herself.

She had arrived in Bombay from England, and learned that she was to proceed to Lahore by the next train. . . . The following afternoon she went to the station to board the train. A coolie carried her roll of bedding and luggage. There had been some delay on the way and she arrived to find the train pulling out. Trains in India have separate coaches for men and women, and for natives and non-natives. There was a single women's second class coach on this train, but all five berths were occupied. The butler had failed to make a reservation. She hurried frantically

up and down the platform looking for room; there was none. Her eye fell on an empty coach. It was marked first class, but she decided to pay the difference and looked around for a guard to make the arrangement. She did not notice in her hurry that a large placard hung from the door at the other end of the coach showing that it was reserved.

A knot of Hindu gentlemen were standing talking in front of the door, and they turned to look at her. One of them stopped her on her flight and asked if she was in need of help. He was little, very unprepossessing, and had a toothless mouth that made his smile look ghastly. The train gave a warning shriek. The little man turned about abruptly and made a gesture of authority, and the guard who was about to wave the flag, blew his whistle instead. The harassed missionary explained her predicament, and the knot of Hindu gentlemen crowded around and showed signs of consternation. The little man fumbled in the folds of cloth around his waist and produced a ticket. He pressed it into her hand, and asked for hers. Instantly howls of protest rose on every side. The little man hushed them, and a crowd collected. The station master came running to see what was the matter. The little man explained and motioned to the coolie to put the luggage of the new occupant in the coach, and take his out.

"You see," he said to her, "I did not want to travel first class, but my friends bought this accommodation without telling me. I am delighted to make the exchange. I am going to Lahore, and you are going to Lahore, so it is all right."

Too dazed to make any protest the missionary accepted the situation, and the toothless one led the way chuckling to the rear of the train, utterly indifferent to the furious protests of his friends, while the crowd shouted and laughed, and the stationmaster pleaded frantically that he must start the train.

Vacationists and Natives

► WE HAVE HEARD MUCH from vacationists about the queer "natives" of the resorts they visit. In the "Atlantic," Louise Dickinson Rich offers the natives' reaction to summer visitors:

There are a few things sports do that make me mad, such as wearing smoked glasses for the first time I meet them. I hate to talk to strangers in dark glasses. I can see the quirk of the mouth, but without the corroborative evidence of the eyes I can't tell whether it's a friendly quirk or a cynical one. I feel like snarling, "Take those things off, so I can tell what's going on behind them."

It doesn't make me mad, though, to have them patronize and laugh at us quaint natives. They don't know it, but we're laughing and patronizing right straight back. They think our clothes are just too picturesque and amusing; and we think beach pajamas a hundred miles from a beach, and waders worn for boat fishing, and shorts and halters in black-fly season are amusing. Their delight in our naïveté can't exceed our delight in their gullibility. They ask us what makes the lake look streaked. All right, that's a silly question. Any fool should know it's the wind. So all right, it calls for a silly answer, and we have one all ready, because that's

a stock question. "Oh, that's where the sled tracks cross the ice in winter," we say, and they usually believe us!

Pete and Ira Brown and I had a lot of fun with a whole porchful of sports one evening. Pete and Ira are two old guides, friends of mine. They were sitting outside the hotel with a dozen fishermen when Ralph and I arrived for the mail.

Pete said, "Hi, Louise. Been to B Pond lately?"

I said, "Yup. Gerrish and I went over Saturday."

"Catch any fish?"

"Nope. I don't think there are any fish over there."

Ira stated flatly, "You don't fish in the right place. There are plenty of fish there."

"Well, I fished everywhere, so I must have been in the right place part of the time."

Ira squinted at me through a cloud of cigarette smoke. His eyes had a warning gleam. "Bet you didn't fish under the island."

The silence on the porch was electric. Every eye was turned out over the lake, but every ear was cocked in our direction. I had to play this right.

"Why, no," I said uncertainly. "I forgot all about under the island."

Ira looked relieved. "That's where the fish are, this time of year. In them caverns. Last time I was over, I camped overnight on the island. Couldn't hardly get a wink of sleep from the racket they was making, feeding off the roots of the grass. You try there next time."

I couldn't take it any longer. I couldn't stand the bland expressions on the Brown brothers' faces, and the puzzled credulity on the sports'. I said hastily, "Thanks, I will," and went inside.

On Carrying a Cane

► BECAUSE OF GASOLINE and tire rationing, the pedestrian has returned to the American scene. In an article in "Columbia," Edward S. Schwegler offers some opinions on the merits of cane-carrying while strolling:

If the pedestrian was strange in ante-bellum America, the pedestrian with a cane was stranger still. Something was evidently wrong with him—or why should he be carrying a cane? He was a snob, and was trying to impress other people with his own importance. Or he was a foreigner, and was not yet aware that Americans did not use canes. Or perhaps he had hurt his foot, or bumped his knee. Or he was an old man and needed a stick for support. Nobody would ever have conceived that a man might carry a cane just for the joy of it.

Yes, for the joy of it! There is a companionship, a sense of completion, a soothing satisfaction to a cane that cannot be obtained from any other source. Of course, if one has a human companion whilst walking, a cane gets in the way; but when one walks alone it is the perfect partner. It is always at hand, ready to do anything one may demand of it. When need arises, it can be most useful.

If one is gloomy, a cane will trudge along steadily in silent sympathy. If one is gay, it will be ready to cut capers, swing about in the air, even turn somersaults. It never intrudes on one's privacy, like a friend. It never disturbs one's equanimity, like an enemy. It never talks back, like a wife. It is, in short, part of one's personality, an *alter ego*.

THE Navy training schools established by Uncle Sam in colleges and universities over the country have brought the salty spirit of the Navy right into the prairie classrooms of many an ivy-walled institution.

Last January the United States Navy launched an educational program to make trained specialists out of her sailors. Today the college administrators of that Navy program are not waiting until June for graduations. Instead, every month the call of the fleet for experienced men to man her radios, motors, generators, turrets, and guns is being answered. Each month the colleges and universities are sending out experienced men trained for these jobs through intensive, short-course educational programs.

In the Middle West alone, programs have been set up under Admiral John Downes of the ninth naval district at the University of Chicago, Butler, and Purdue universities, and the state universities in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Iowa, as well as the colleges of North Dakota, Kentucky, and Ohio.

Typical of these universities which have reshaped their programs for Navy schooling is the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where the first radio training school was set up in conjunction with a university. More than a thousand sailors are being given practical training there in radio code and communications to fit them for jobs as "the eyes and ears of the Navy." Under the contract with the Navy providing for the school, the University of Wisconsin is furnishing teachers and space for teaching in addition to housing and feeding the naval trainees who are being sent from naval training stations throughout the country to the campus for study.

Before the bluejacket arrives at the campus of one of the universities, he goes through the preliminary steps of induction and basic training. At induction center the volunteer (and there is no loyal Navy man who will permit you to overlook this) learns the full implications of the statement, "You're in the Navy now." From induction center the uniformed recruit goes to "boot camp" to earn his sea legs through land drills. There he learns Navy etiquette, regulations, and terminology. He is taught to recognize an admiral from an ensign



Sailor students at work in radio laboratory of training school

The Navy Goes

by the gold stripes on his sleeves. He must forget civilian terms and say "deck" for floor; "bunk" for bed, "port" for window, and "bulkhead" for wall. Upstairs becomes "topside," and downstairs, "below." If the recruit gets an assignment to stand guard, he "goes on watch" in Navy parlance.

"I've never folded my clothes in such uniform manner in all my life," sighed a "boot" fresh from a recruit camp where a sailor's belongings must be in regulation order, or "ship-shape."

From basic training, the sailor can ship out on one of his country's naval vessels as an apprentice seaman and get his first taste of bounding main life, or he may go to a technical school for his rating. There he learns to become a metalsmith, electrician or machinist's mate, signalman, radioman, or any one of the twenty-six technicians needed to keep Uncle Sam's fleet moving.

When the naval training school opened in Madison last April, 1,200

sailors, skippered by Lieutenant Commander Elmer Schubert, took over two of the men's residence halls at the University of Wisconsin. College students patriotically gave up their quarters for Uncle Sam's blue-jackets. As more divisions enrolled at the school, additional quarters were made available in the university stadium where dormitories were sectioned off. Van Hise Hall, which housed the central dining room for the college men's dormitories, was turned into the "chow" quarters for the student sailors.

The majority of trainees have been coming from California, Texas, and Oregon. There are representatives from Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, the New England states, and the Middle West, but fellow seamen from the Far West outnumber them. Most of the trainees are high-school graduates; some left college to enlist in the Navy, others are college graduates. The average age is 22. Catholics make up one-third of the school's personnel and form the larg-



It isn't a case of "all work and no play" for student seamen

July knew nothing of typing or radio when they arrived in April. A few of the trainees had seen service as "ham" operators. These men were looked upon with envy by their classmates, who spend endless hours "boning" in radio theory.

After four months of intensive radio training at Madison, the sailors receive the rating of third class seamen and are entitled to wear their "crow" insignia and the three flashes on their sleeve of radiomen. Upon graduation the radioman may receive a sea duty assignment from the Communications Receiving Station, or he may choose further advanced training at the school known as Radar, or at the school in naval aviation radio service.

What this training means to a sailor was expressed by a young Californian in the pioneer graduating class at Madison:

"The course I'm getting from the Navy is worth \$1,000 to me; I not only have a chance to fight for my country now, but I'm learning a trade that will mean a job to me after the war."

"All radio and no relaxation," however, is not the slogan of these uniformed students, despite their seriousness of purpose. The middies are "aboard ship" until drills and tests are over Saturday noon. Liberty begins after "chow" on Saturday and expires at 22:00 Navy time, or 12:30 A.M. layman's time. On Sundays the sailors have 10 P.M. "shore leave."

As students of the University, the bluejackets are entitled to recreational facilities at the Memorial Union, the meeting ground of college students. The Union serves the sailors as a temporary USO where they can meet co-eds, attend weekly dances, movies, university plays, lectures, and exhibits. The Union offers library facilities and has a game room with billiards and bowling for the use of sailors during their liberty hours.

Under the sponsorship of the Union the student sailors staged a "Happy Hour" variety show for the Navy Relief Fund during the university summer session. Fellow sailors and members of the gold-braid section applauded the vocal selections of the newly formed Glee Club and laughed at the take-offs on Navy life.

Lieut. Commander Schubert's concern for the spiritual well-being of his men is equal to his interest in

to College

BY JEAN WILKOWSKI

est single religious group. Protestants make up a little less than two-thirds of the "ship's company." Jewish sailors and trainees without church preferences fill out the remainder of the religious classification.

Discipline at the university school is rigid.

"If a man misbehaves, he goes into the brig," is the order of Lieutenant Commander Schubert. "Although discipline is enforced," the Commanding Officer continued, "scholarship is the fundamental concern of this school."

Students march to class, notebooks in hand, singing "Anchors Aweigh." Navy songs are occasionally interrupted by the rhythmical count of a Texan "shore patrolman" drawling, "Laft, right; laft, right."

The trainee gets in step for classes at 7:30 A.M. Before call to classes sounds, the future radioman has "hit the deck" at 5:45 A.M. He goes to school in the scattered classrooms which the university has provided in the fieldhouse, stadium, mechanical

engineering building, and in the agriculture and chemistry halls.

"We hold classes where we can find room," says Professor J. L. Miller of the University Extension Division. Professor Miller is educational director of the communications school. Under his supervision thirty-five civilian and four Navy instructors teach the bluejackets code, typing, Navy procedure in the receiving and filing of messages, radio theory, and spelling.

The sailor spends most of his class hours at the typewriter with clamped-on headphones. Ten hours a week are required in typing, twenty hours a week in code, three hours in theory, one hour a day in procedure. Indocctrination, a study in courtesy and Navy customs, is given two hours a week.

"All in all, it's a forty-hour week that these boys put in," says Commander Schubert.

Ninety-five per cent of the sailors who were graduated in the Navy's first university class of the war in

their recreational well-being. Each Sunday on the ship's daily worksheet is posted a special announcement from the commanding officer. Above Lieut. Comm. Schubert's signature is the notice: "It is urged that all hands attend church services either at the neighborhood campus churches or in the city. Refer to the bulletin boards for a complete list of schedules of services."

Because of the shortage of Navy chaplains and the more serious need for them at sea, trainees of naval schools must attend services at the communities in which they are located.

When each new division of 250 sailors enrolls for the radio training course, the men specify their church preference on religious census cards. These cards are distributed to the rectors of the Madison churches. Overnight last April university chaplains found themselves in the unofficial capacity of Navy chaplains.

"The Navy boys aren't much different from the college students," explains Father Alvin Kutchera, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Chapel on the university campus. "They like someone to be interested in their work, and they enjoy an occasional visit to some place of spiritual calm."

St. Paul's Chapel has been that place for the approximate 1,500 Catholic students who yearly attend the University of Wisconsin. Newman Commons is the "open house" for all Catholic students and their friends. It contains a library of Catholic literature, two lounges, and a recreational hall.

The 250 Catholic seamen of the first three divisions found Newman Commons a place where they could go on "shore leave" and enjoy informal discussions with a priest.

Many of the student radiomen have come to know their Church more intimately in service than in civilian life. A new experience for many of the sailors was the oral reading of the Mass which Father Kutchera introduced to his Navy parishioners. A young sailor whom Father Kutchera had received into the Church agreed with his deck mates that the Missa Recitata was "the real way of attending Mass."

The Catholic sailors were the first to organize a religious group at the naval training school in Madison. The idea for a servicemen's Holy Name Society was born in the mind of a Marquette University graduate.

"I made up my mind that when I got in the Navy, I would try to promote a service chapter of the Society," stated this serious-minded bluejacket who had been active in his home town Society before enlisting in the Navy.

Now the sailors in training at the university have a communion breakfast for the Society the second Sunday of each month. During the summer session the Society sponsored a dance at the Newman Hall for Catholic students of the university. The group has already started a fund to be given to St. Paul's chapel in the name of Father Kutchera by the last graduating class of the Navy's radio training school. When Father Kutchera receives that gift his student sailors will



Commanding Officer Schubert, President Dykstra, and Ensign Blaine on the campus of the University of Wisconsin

have made American naval history. That gift will remind him of the Texan lads who served Mass for him, the Californian who brought his Wisconsin girl to the rectory for Father to meet, the Louisiana sailor who wanted to celebrate his birthday away from home by purchasing a cake for the university chaplain.

"The Navy boys are really much the same as the university students," Father Kutchera repeated.

That is also the estimation of President C. A. Dykstra of the University of Wisconsin, who praised the first graduating trainees of the radio school for their fine spirit of "university citizenship."

"You are part of the Wisconsin tradition of hope, of fair play, and of elementary justice," President Dykstra told the class of 248 naval graduates upon their July leave-taking from the Middle West campus, just four months from their first day of radio classes.

What the universities and colleges the country over are doing to educate servicemen is being accomplished in much the same manner of brevity and intensity as was the message of that Navy radio man who tapped out, "Sighted sub: sank same."

Father Kutchera smiles approvingly as student sailors join in song



THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

IT WAS a losing fight. The siege had gone into the third week. The Japanese armies were pushing on. The British newspaper just a few days before had headlined the imminent arrival of Chinese reinforcements. It spoke of checking the advancing hordes. We knew it was not true. The Japanese troops had already captured Kowloon on the mainland, had crossed the harbor and slashed across seven of the ten-mile isle of Hong Kong.

Communications had collapsed, severing the only two roads from the Stanley Fort to the city of Hong Kong. Thus the British forces were divided; food, communications, and reinforcements cut. Still the torrent of Japanese poured over the Island. The tidal wave flooded the hilltops and roared across the lowlands. Now the invaders laid siege to Fort Stanley, erstwhile impregnable fortress of Hong Kong.

I was living at the Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, throughout the siege. Thirty-one priests and brothers—among them Vincentians, Passionists, and many Maryknollers—were marooned on that beautiful Island during the attack. Five British and Canadian officers had come into the house. Three hundred Canadian soldiers had billeted themselves in the rear of the house on a high prominence, manning machine-gun nests.

It was a long night that Christmas eve. We kept vigil throughout. Crawling along the corridor, I hazarded a peek through the window. Outside, the hillsides were lit up with Japanese flares and the bursting shells of cannon fire. The air was vibrant with the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire and the screeching swish of the artillery. The criss-cross fire of tracer bullets blazed across the sky. It was a macabre scene.

I began to reminisce how the previous year I was assisting at Christmas Midnight Mass in the noble Gothic Cathedral in Rangoon, Burma. Suddenly a blast of machine-gun fire crashed through the window! I ducked and retreated into the protection of the corridor. There most of the priests had assembled. A few of them, spread-eagle on the floor in self-protection against bullets streaming through the windows, were

receiving the Sacrament of Penance.

If Calvary's sufferings were to be joined to Bethlehem's joys on the morrow, we must have special grace and courage for the ordeal. If the threatening sword and bonds awaited the Prince of Peace, if Calvary ever beckoned to Him, we, His intimates, must now face the actual moment with His spirit and His fortitude. Never did Bethlehem and Calvary seem so closely linked as in the waning hours of this Christmas vigil.

At midnight, the British troops left their forward and entrenched positions on the hills and road, and fell back toward the Fort. British machine-gun units now surrounded our house in a desperate attempt to stem the tide of the advancing horde.

Dawn was breaking. The deep guttural shouts of the Japanese soldiers could be heard outside the house. There was no time to lose. Hastily vesting, we celebrated our Christmas Masses on the portable altars set up in the corridors. Cautiously making my way to the window, I looked toward the Fort. Jap soldiers were throwing hand grenades through the windows of the guard house at the entrance of the Fort. The British and Canadian troops were retreating from their entrenched positions around our house. It needed no Chinese sage to tell us that "the light brings the truth."

The truth was, we were about to be captured. Scarcely had the last priest finished Holy Mass, when the Japanese soldiers crashed through the front door. Swarming through the house, they made us captive at the point of the bayonet. Thirty-one priests and brothers, together with five Canadian and British officers, were herded together in the foyer of the house. This was seven-thirty in the morning. All day long we sat huddled there, witnesses to the systematic looting of the house. Food stuffs, clothing and other supplies, were carried out by the armful. We saw the surrender of many Canadian soldiers, some of whom were wounded. We were permitted by the Japanese to minister to the wounded soldiers. Furtively, we heard the confessions of a number of the captured Canadian troops.

One of their number who had been wounded in the leg, limped in

The Hong Kong Story

By

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

and surrendered to the commanding Japanese sergeant. The officer asked him in Cantonese, "Where is your gun?"

The Canadian soldier answered (one of the priests interpreting) "I have no gun."

The officer angrily shouted, "A soldier without a gun—that is a lie!" Forthwith he lunged at the Canadian with his bayonet. Sensing the imminent danger, the priest who had been interpreting, said quickly, "He says that he left his gun outside the house." This explanation seemed to satisfy the officer.

At four-thirty our marching orders arrived. They were given by a forbidding-looking Japanese gendarme. He snapped the order, "Stand up!" Then we were searched, our pockets emptied, everything taken from us. Our hands were tied behind our backs, and we were roped together in groups of five. "March out!" shouted the diminutive gendarme. I heard the Bishop pronouncing general absolution. We felt sure now that we were marching to our deaths. The Japanese soldiers were not taking chances. Apparently they suspected we might be combatants in disguise.

At long last, so it seemed, we arrived at a gulch about one hundred yards from the house. There were hundreds of Japanese troops in the area besieging the Fort. Field artillery pounded away, machine guns spat fire, rifles barked. We were then lined up inside the gulch. Another and higher ranking Japanese gendarme came up and questioned us. He then went over to the British and Canadian officers and ripped off their insignia. Finally he cried out, "All sit down!"—which meant we had to fall down. Having communicated

with the field radio, which was about fifteen yards away, the Japanese officer strutted back and ordered: "All stand up!" Which we did, after a bit of a Houdini act in bonds. Then he snapped out, "British and Canadian officers march forth!"

Under guard they were marched around the other side of the gulch where they were joined to fifteen other British and Canadian officers. Immediately their bonds were cut. We knew that brave men were going to their deaths.

We were convinced that we were next to face death. I remember one of the priests saying, "We preach the sufferings of Christ, now we have a chance to practice them." I was thinking how good God is. Here we were facing death. A strange happiness came into my soul. What a precious Christmas gift! These thoughts were interrupted by the harsh order, "British Nationals, step forth!" The Bishop and three priests moved forward. Just then a messenger from the field radio ran up to the gendarme officer and handed him a release. Having read it, the officer ordered the Bishop to sit down. The radio message announced the surrender of Fort Stanley.

Infinitely relieved, we awaited marching orders again. We were subjected to another search. Then we were marched off under guard to a garage about fifty yards away. There we remained four nights and three days. It was difficult to lie down, not to mention sleeping, with our hands tied behind our backs.

Groups of five huddled together and rested back to back. We were given no food or drink during our incarceration there—except on the last day, when we were given canned milk and hardtack. On the third day in the garage, we bribed the guard with a gold watch (which one of the priests had secreted) for a canteen of water with which we were able to wet our lips. We tried to get another canteen of water without success; there were no more watches.

Anything and everything can happen in the life of a missionary. Somehow, if we just trust God strongly enough, He will bring us through. The external trappings of Christmas Day, its joys and loving acts of generosity, vanished in the smoke of battle last Christmas Day in Hong Kong. Calvary loomed more vividly to us even than Bethlehem. But the

Prince of Peace was in our hearts and souls, and ready to sustain us in the long months of imprisonment and suffering that yet awaited us.

Others will doubtless detail more of the savagery of battle or of the isolated acts of cruelty of irresponsible officers and soldiers. We had to face the simple, unpleasant fact that we had been caught by the fortunes of war. We were prepared for anything that might happen at a time when fear and hatred had aroused the blood-lust of men in combat.

But our principal concern was that our normal missionary activities were stopped. Hunan, the field of the Passionist missions, was farther away than ever. To that portion of the mission frontiers I had been engaged in bringing medical and other necessary supplies. From South China, from Indo-China, and finally—as the Japanese advanced—from Burma I had covered thousands of miles of devious and ever-changing routes. That is a story in itself.

Now those roads were cut. We were completely isolated. We could help neither ourselves nor the patient priests and Sisters who were serving

at their frequently bombed posts in Hunan. We did not know when or whether we should see those missionaries again. The future was dark as we entered what was to be a long and never-to-be-forgotten period of internment in a Japanese prison camp.

• • •

We are at last, thank God, free. We shall try to close the Hong Kong story as just one more chapter in the unending drama of the foreign missions. We know that others, in generations past, have suffered the fate we escaped. It will only be history repeated if others, in future days, suffer for Christ.

We should be unworthy of our country if we lacked the courage which our fellow citizens are displaying on so many fields of battle. And we should certainly be derelict to our vocation, and to our very faith, if we held hate or bitterness in our hearts.

How long our enforced absence from the Chinese mission field will be, we do not know. We shall not fail those who are still facing all the privations and dangers of war.



Side street in Hong Kong, before the Japanese victory



Prolonged war adds to an ever-present poverty

Three Lions

DURING the past year, I have been busier than ever before. I was secretary to Bishop O'Gara before he went to Hong Kong. Since His Excellency's departure, I have been helping Father Paul who is our Vicar Delegate. I have also been assistant to Father Reginald in the seminary, teaching Latin and the Old Testament. This job has kept me busier than a traffic officer on New Jersey's Pulaski Skyway.

The subjects were not hard, but getting them across in Chinese was most difficult. Father Reginald has been a one-man seminary faculty for several years, teaching everything from Cicero to Emily Post, and all in Chinese. If there is one priest who will have a crown awaiting him in Heaven, it will be Father Reginald.

My school work in the seminary was a weekday job. Most week ends found me hiking to an out-mission near Yüanling, called Cool-Water-Well. This village is twenty-one Chinese miles away. I go out on Saturdays and stay until Sunday noon. I hear confessions, tell stories to the Chinese children, say Mass in the morning, preach in Chinese, explain to the Christians why I am unable

to help them financially in these trying days, treat the sick, have a meal, and hike back to Yüanling again.

Fathers Wendelin and Kieran have been equally busy. Father Wendelin is holding down Chihkiang. Father Marcellus is really pastor there, but he has been off in Kweichow trying to smooth out some difficulties for the German Fathers. All missionaries of countries at war with China are having a hard time these days.

Father Wendelin, therefore, is running Chihkiang. Running is a very appropriate word, as his is the most dangerous spot of the Vicariate from the viewpoint of air raids. That Mission has been literally blown to pieces. The priests' house and the Sisters' convent have been destroyed.

Father Kieran is in the North country, which means the district that can be reached by the North River; for probably the only means of communication with this district is up the river. The whole section is wild and undeveloped, with no roads, save one bus road that skirts it going to Chungking. Father Kieran is in the mule-riding, bandit-ridden section of our Vicariate. He has had one run in with bandits who tried unsuc-

China Clipper Mail

From

CASPAR CAULFIELD, C.P.

cessfully to rob the Yungsui Mission.

These air-mail letters are not very satisfactory. Information has to be too greatly compressed. The cost of air-mail stamps for this letter was \$6.50. Prices in China have gone haywire, so much so that many of our mission activities have been curtailed. There is no refugee aid, no catechumens, and unless a miracle happens, there will be no school.

The best word we have had for months is the possibility that Bishop O'Gara and Fathers Arthur and Ronald may very soon be included in an exchange of prisoners. The Bishop has been a marvelous leader. No one disliked going to Hong Kong more than he, but His Excellency was suffering from a very painful neuralgia of the jaw. I know because I saw him time and time again in such pain that he could not work. There were nights when he got no sleep. He tolerated this for four months before he finally consented to secure medical aid. God in His far-seeing wisdom for some purpose of His own, permitted the Bishop to suffer so much. Undoubtedly it was for the good of the Church in China.

Mission Sunday

Let Us All Prepare for
the Universal Observance of
MISSION SUNDAY

OCTOBER 18, 1942

at the Call of

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII

Help The Society for the Propagation of the Faith to Support the Holy Father's world-wide missions by making this day a day of prayer and action for the Catholic Missions.

See Your Diocesan Director

The driver reached for the clutch, but his smile froze as there came a rumbling from deep within the earth



Sally was so sure of her love for John Blake that she went to Peru to marry him. She didn't know how unromantic life could be in a small town high up in the Andes

MMORTIMER WINTERS had been as good as his word. He would give his daughter no money for her passage to Peru. But the little blue roadster, with its six good tires, was as good as cash, and Sally gloated as she swam lazily in the big outdoor pool of the *Santa Elena*. Nine days out of New York, and not a qualm yet. Or a Jap submarine. Panama, Colombia, Ecuador . . . romantic was the word for this escapade! And in seventy-two hours she would be at Callao, the port of Lima, to give John Richard Blake the happy surprise of his life.

"Hello," said a sudden voice in her ear. "That's quite a good backstroke you've got."

Sally turned over in the calm green water of the pool and squinted into the sunlight. What she saw was a bronzed, middle-aged man, obviously pleasant, treading water a few yards away.

"Thanks," she said briefly. "I've been working at it all week."

It was quiet for a moment in the pool. Then vaguely in the distance came the clatter of dishes. "That would be lunch," said the newcomer. "Up on deck. How about having a bite? Personally, I think it's been a year since breakfast."

Sally laughed. There was something rather nice about this stranger. And she certainly was hungry. "All right," she said.

pain =

They climbed out of the pool and shook the water out of their ears. "My name's Huntley Wynn," Sally's companion told her. "And yours is Sally Winters. I saw you the day we left New York, saying good-by to your folks. I heard what they said to you, too."

Sally made a wry little face. What a dreadful day that had been! Mother had never stopped crying. Father had all but disinherited her. It was a disgrace, he kept shouting, that his only daughter was going to South America, bent on marrying a man who hadn't even asked for the privilege. What if they had been in love for six years? It still didn't make sense. It was ridiculous.

"You wouldn't be a newspaper man by chance?" she asked him. "One of these roving reporters?"

"No, lady. I'm an archaeologist. I've been digging up old Inca ruins in Peru for the past ten years. Mummies and dishes and textiles—anything I can find for the museums back home. And what I don't know about Peru you could write on a dime."

Sally took a good look at Huntley Wynn. He was forty, maybe, and tall, with crinkling blue eyes under the iron-gray hair. Distinguished. Yes, that was the word for him.

"Of course you'll not believe me if I say that you've made a mistake," he told her as they went up the companionway to the deck.

"A mistake? What do you mean?"

"A blonde," said Huntley Wynn, "has no place in the Andes. You should have listened to your father, young lady. He seemed like a good sort, one who knows his business. Anyway, we can talk about that later. Maybe this guy you're going to marry is worth all the trouble you're taking for him, although I doubt it."

In the three days that followed before the *Santa Elena* reached Callao, Sally came to know Huntley Wynn quite well. He had never married, she learned. He had an independent income that had let him travel all over the world since early youth. He had written several books, and now

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

you're twiddling your thumbs and eating your soul out. Didn't you know?"

Sally's heart turned over with a sickening thud, but she wouldn't let on. She smiled, and tossed a mop of golden hair out of her eyes. "Don't be such a sourpuss," she teased.

The moon was hidden under a blanket of fog. Sally shivered a little. She had thought of South America as a hot place, but Huntley had told her they had said good-by to the sun in Guayaquil. Below the Equator the seasons were reversed, and all the summer clothes that filled Sally's trunks could be put away until December.

"Want to go in to the bar?" he asked her suddenly. "A Martini would warm you up in no time."

Sally shook her head. "If you don't mind, I think I'll turn in," she said. "I'm a little tired, Huntley."

"A little scared, too?"

"Maybe."

"This time tomorrow, you'll have your John."

"I know. He'll have the radiogram by now to meet the boat."

"Sometimes that doesn't mean so much. You can't always just hop a train or plane in these parts."

A look of concern came into Sally's blue eyes. Why was it Huntley said

the small flat package the steward brought to her cabin the next morning. It was only later in the day, when she was unpacking her bags at the Hotel Bolivar in Lima, that she thought about it. Then she undid the wrappings. She turned a smiling face to John Blake.

"Darling, look! It's one of Huntley's books. *The Golden Kings*. Wasn't he nice to think of me?"

John ruffled Sally's fair hair. "This is the guy who knows everything about Peru, eh? Like him, sugar?"

"Why, of course. But I feel sorry for him, John. He's so wise and clever and yet . . . oh, I don't know, a little morose about everything."

"Not like us."

"Oh, not a bit. Say you're happy I'm here."

"Happy? Sally, I'm madly happy! But how did you get away from the folks? Didn't they make a row?"

Sally nodded. It was cold in the three-room suite on the Bolivar's fourth floor. There wasn't a sign of heat anywhere, save in the fireplace outside the dining room downstairs. But she didn't mind. She and John had been married six hours ago.

"They made a terrible row, but what does that matter? Darling, I don't think I've ever been so thrilled in my life! Six years of waiting, and now I'm your wife—in South America! Oh, it's just simply too exciting! Where are we going to live?"

John Richard Blake got up from

american girl mary fabryan windeatt

he was going down to Peru to continue with some excavation work near the ruins of Macchu Picchu.

"It sounds wonderful," sighed Sally. "Maybe I can learn things like that when I'm married to John. I mean things about the country, its art, its people. . . ."

"You'd better do something with your time," Huntley warned her. "Life is a terrible thing unless you're busy. I suppose you've made plans?"

"Plans? Why, I've told you the only plan that matters. John and I. . . ."

"Listen, child. That won't be enough down here. Your precious John will be spending all his time working on various projects while

so many unnerving things? Why was he always pointing out to her the hardships of the country, instead of its pleasant side?

"John will come to Callao," she said firmly. "We'll get married in Lima, maybe stay there a few days. Then, wherever his work is, I'll go. Oh, don't start telling me different, Huntley! I'm in love, you know, and it won't do a bit of good."

Huntley Wynn smiled a trifle, then got to his feet and walked with Sally to the warmth and light that were pouring out from a door farther down the deck. "Good night," he said. "See you in the morning."

Sally was too busy to care about

his chair and stretched his muscular six feet, two inches. As he stood surveying his new wife, there was suddenly a serious look on his wind-tanned young face. "I don't think we are going to live anywhere, honey. You see, the company's busy on a project up in the interior, a bridge over a series of ravines."

"I know. You wrote about it in the last letter. It's part of the Pan-American highway, isn't it? Oh, John! When can you take me there?"

John took a deep breath. "That's the whole point, Sally, and we'd better face it right now—calmly and sensibly. I can't take you there. It's against the rules to have women at the camp. But we'll get a nice little

house here in Lima, and I'll fly down as often as I can."

Sudden disappointment clouded Sally's eyes. Swiftly her mind ranged back over John's faithful chain of letters. Never once had he asked her to marry him in Peru, although of course it was understood that some day things would be more settled and she would come to him. Oh, she was beginning to understand now, to hear her mother's sobs, her father's arguments! She had been a hot-headed little fool, perhaps, but still. . . .

She lifted a worried face. "Darling, have I made a mess of things?"

John Richard Blake put two strong arms about his new bride. "Idiot!" he said.

Cuzco was a compromise. The little city that once had been the capital of the great Inca empire intrigued Sally from the start, and it was only two hours by plane from John's work. Regularly, twice a month, he managed to come home to the bright pink stucco bungalow, with its flower-filled patio and young Micaela cooking strange vegetables on the wood stove in the kitchen.

"Like it?" would be his first question, and Sally's answer was always the same. At first the high altitude had bothered her. She couldn't breathe easily at Cuzco's eleven thousand feet. There was a strange ringing in her ears, and many times she had been horrified to find herself afflicted with a nosebleed. Now, though, it was different. The bracing mountain air was like wine. And the food Micaela cooked, although it was strange, was good.

"I LOVE it here," said Sally dreamily, as they sat in front of a roaring log fire one night. "It's like living in a story book, John. The only trouble is that. . . ."

"Yes?"

"You're away so much and I don't have anything to do. I haven't any friends because I don't know enough Spanish. Oh, darling, can't you get away from that dreadful camp and find another job? Lima, or some place, where we could be together and have a little fun once in a while?"

John Richard Blake squeezed his wife's hand. "Honey, you'd not want me to be a piker, would you? I'm down here to work; to make roads over mountains, through jungles, so

that this country can have a few more of the good things of civilization. Sally, do you realize that back in the interior there are thousands of Indians who hardly have a chance to make a living? If we can only open up the country. . . ."

"Next Tuesday we'll be married three months," Sally said slowly. "John, do you suppose we could forget about the Indians for just a little while and celebrate our anniversary? I mean, couldn't we take a plane to Lima and have just a bit of a vacation?"

John frowned, then laughed at Sally's tragic face. "You poor kid!" he said. "I guess things are a bit dull for you here all right. I'll get Nelson to let me off for a week and we'll do all the high spots in Lima. The Country Club, la Cabaña, and all the others."

Sally reached out both arms and gave a great squeeze. "Bless you!" she cried. "That will be like heaven!"

But Tuesday came, and no John. All morning Sally waited in the pink stucco bungalow. The phone did not ring. No squat Indian, in striped poncho and rope sandals, came sauntering up the path to deliver a message from the Nelson Construction Company. Micaela came and went through the gay patio, preparing for the festive dinner. Occasionally Sally wandered out into the kitchen, sniffing the *picante de cuyes*, or leg of guinea pig in pepper sauce, which was to be the main dish.

Micaela smoothed her red woolen skirt. She was Sally's own age, but widowed, and with a six-year-old boy at home. Now she gazed anxiously at the golden-haired *señora*.

"Well, what is it?" asked Sally, feeling Micaela's unspoken sympathy and squirming just a little. "The dinner. . . . *la comida. . . no es buena?*"

"Sí, sí, *señora*. She is good, the dinner. But you. . . ."

"I'm all right!" Sally snapped. "I'll just lie down for a minute. I'm tired, Micaela. *Muy cansada*. Just a bit of a siesta, and by that time my husband will be here."

Two aspirin tablets made Sally's siesta longer than she had expected. When she awoke, twilight had already descended on the little mountain town and lights were on in the streets. With a start, she looked at the clock and found it was nearly five. Why hadn't Micaela awakened her before? Or perhaps John was

here and had told her not to do it! Quickly Sally reached for her slippers and rushed out to the pungent-smelling kitchen. Micaela was wearily regarding the food she had prepared.

"*El señor. . . he no come, señora.*"

WHEN John called, about nine o'clock that night, Sally was amazed at her composure. No. She wasn't disappointed. Yes. She understood that things could come up. No. It was quite all right. Too bad, of course that young Tim McGeevy had wrenched a shoulder and not a man could be spared from the job for another week. Yes, dear. Some other time. Of course I'm all right. Don't be stupid, dear. Of course. . . of course. . . of course I understand. . . .

But that night, for the first time since she had been a little girl, Sally cried herself to sleep.

When the door bell rang the next morning, Sally went to answer it, feeling tired and out of sorts. But her face lit up at the sight of her unexpected visitor.

"Huntley! Huntley Wynn! Why, where in the world. . . ?"

"Surprised, Sally? The hotel told me there was a Mrs. John Richard Blake living up here. Well, how's everything?"

She led him into the living room, her head still in a whirl. Oh, thank God for a fellow American, for someone in Cuzco who could speak English!

"Everything? Why, everything's just wonderful!" she announced brightly. "We've had this house for three months now. John's able to get down twice a month. Huntley, don't tell me you're going to live in Cuzco, too!"

He settled his long length in a comfortable chair before the fireplace. "No, just a day's vacation from the work at Macchu Picchu. That old Inca fortress is a wonder, Sally. Stone streets, towers, stairways, just as they were eight centuries ago. We keep finding new things all the time. Ever been out there?"

"No," Sally said. "I don't get around so much, Huntley."

He lit a cigarette. "In that case, how about a little spin this morning? If you're interested in seeing some of the local sights my car's over at the hotel."

Something of her old love for ad-

venture, for faraway romantic places, flared up once more. "I'd love it," she said simply. "Could you wait a few minutes while I get ready?"

"Sure. If you like, we could go out to Sacsahuaman. That's where the Inca soldiers made their last stand to save Cuzco from Pizarro's invaders. After that, well, there's no limit to interesting places. This is a grand little town, Sally. I envy you the chance to live here."

She smiled again. "You're right," she told him. "It is a wonderful place, Huntley. So . . . so historic!"

When Sally finally returned from her outing, it was after eight o'clock. An unaccustomed light shining from the front window caused her to start. Surely it couldn't be that John . . .

"Welcome home," he said grimly. "I've been here since noon. Where have you been all day?"

Something in his voice froze Sally's newly found happiness. She entered the house quietly. "Why, I've been out with Huntley. Huntley Wynn. You remember I told you about him."

"The guy from the boat? The guy who knows everything about Peru? What's he doing in Cuzco?"

Sally slipped off her coat and the gay blue scarf that had kept her hair in place. "You don't have to shout," she said quietly.

"Who's shouting? I tell you, Sally, when a fellow sits around for eight hours, taking time off from an important job, and then finds his wife out gallivanting with another man

John took one step forward and seized her by the shoulders. "I don't like that crack," he said. "Take it back."

"I will not."

"Oh, yes, you will!"

With a sudden anger Sally twisted free. Her blue eyes were full of fire. "You take your hands off me!" she stormed. "And stop insinuating about Huntley. It's our own business what we did today. And as for you and your precious job, your precious roads and bridges . . . oh, I wish I'd never come to this hateful place!"

The cigarette was out now, ground in sudden fury under her heel. John regarded her scornfully. "Did anyone ask you to come?" he taunted. "Did anyone make you marry me? Golly, I might have known that a spoiled kid



"A blonde," said Huntley Wynn, "has no place in the Andes. You should have listened to your father, young lady"

She rushed for the front door, but it opened before she could climb the steps.

"Sally! For heaven's sakes!"

It was John, standing there in the hall, anxiety written all over his young tanned face.

He was just thirty-one, lean and muscular from years spent outdoors, but tonight he seemed older.

. . . hell, didn't you know I was worried about yesterday? You sounded so disappointed on the phone last night that I told Nelson I'd just have to take some time off today!"

Knowing he did not like her to smoke, Sally found a cigarette. "That was kind of you," she said, blowing a little cloud in his direction. "I didn't know I was that important."

like you couldn't take a little hardship! Well, go back to your archaeologist. Maybe you can persuade him to dedicate his next book to you!"

He was gone then, the door slamming violently behind him. Trembling with fury, Sally stood in the middle of the room. It couldn't be! It just couldn't be that John had walked out on her! All at once tears,

anger, and fright battled within her, but anger won. She'd show him.

That night Sally found it hard to sleep. It had taken three hours to pack her bags, but at last everything was ready. She had managed to get a reservation on the next morning's plane to Lima. By noon she would be forever free of the hateful pink stucco bungalow. At eleven o'clock the next day, her high heels went clicking down the path. A surprisingly modern taxi was waiting, with a plump and smiling native to drive her to the airport. The bags were piled in the back seat.

"O. K.," said Sally "*Vamos!*"

The driver reached for the clutch, but his smile suddenly froze as there came a peculiar rumbling from deep within the earth. Sally felt herself trembling, at the same moment that the pink stucco bungalow seemed to sway crazily against the sky.

"*Terremoto!*" cried the driver. "We do not go now, *señora!*"

Even as he spoke, the earth shook again. People were streaming into the street. Somewhere a church bell tolled abruptly. Sally caught a glimpse of Micaela's pale face as the lightning rushed out of the bungalow.

"Pedro!" the girl was screaming as she ran toward the square, her red skirts billowing in horrible gaiety. "*Pedro mío!*" Sally forgot to breathe. Pedro was Micaela's little boy, the six-year-old youngster who was left by himself while his mother worked.

"Follow her!" Sally ordered the driver. "At once. *Pronto!*" But the stupefied man did not seem to hear. He was mumbling indistinctly, his hand about the little gold cross that swung from his neck. Sally took one look, then jumped out of the car. The next instant she was running down the street, Micaela's red skirts pointing the way.

IT SEEMED hours later when she found the girl, holding Pedro to her breast. The child was unhurt, but the little adobe house was a mass of dust and broken timbers.

"Oh, *señora*, what do we do? Everything is gone!"

Sally took a quick look. The place was alive with Micaela's Indian neighbors, terror stamped on their faces. Children cried from fright, others from pain. Some were . . . Sally turned away from the awful sight in Micaela's tiny patio. She took the girl's hand. "Take as many

of the children as you can to my house," she ordered. "The ones who are not badly hurt. Do you understand, Micaela? Leave the others for the doctors." She did not stop to ask herself how many physicians were in Cuzco. All she knew was that it was important to attend the badly injured at once. And as the weeping Micaela started off with the frightened children, she sent a quick prayer heavenward that the pink stucco bungalow was still there.

The hours passed, and Sally stayed on, doing what she could for the badly injured. A few Indian women helped her, bringing hot water and clean cloth. She knew nothing about first aid, but common sense decreed that wounds should stop bleeding, that they should be kept clean and covered. Her muscles ached unmercifully. Had it been twenty victims she had attended? Thirty? Fifty?

She looked at the injured now, ranged in rows along the ground in Micaela's patio. What a pathetic sight they made! And how crudely she had ministered to them! Yet it had been better than nothing, and as she sat down for a moment on an upturned barrel, her eyes sought the sky. It was twilight once more in Cuzco, a twilight full of dust and the dim red of sunset. The street outside was full of clamor and shouts, of parents seeking children, of tears and heartbreak. She sat there listening, her eyes on the creaking wooden gate that opened from the patio into the street. Why did she stay here when there were no ties? What was keeping her from going to her own house? If it had been destroyed, she could sleep at the hotel and still go to Lima in the morning.

But she didn't move. Only when the wooden gate suddenly swung open and she saw the tall familiar figure, the rough tweed coat, the rumped dark hair that never quite stayed in place, did she get to her feet. It was John! He was all right! And he had come looking for her! Oh, thank God for it.

"John!" she cried, and came running to him in the darkness, stumbling over the rough tiled walk.

"Sally! Darling!"

They were clinging together then, oblivious of everything but the present moment. "Honey, I was scared to death something had happened to you! I've been asking everywhere. It was Micaela who told me that you

were here and what you had done."

"I'm all right, John. If only these poor people . . ."

He cast a swift look at the injured, then patted her hand. "It's all right. There must be fifty doctors at the airport now. They're here from all over the country. Come along, Sally. You must be tired out."

THEY WENT home together, stepping over fallen masonry that lined nearly every street. A rancid gray dust was in the air. Sally, looking up at John, suddenly remembered something.

"Darling, I was walking out on you today."

"I don't blame you, after what I said last night. Honey, it was all my fault. I'm sorry, terribly sorry."

"I'm sorry, too." Then suddenly: "John, how could you get to Cuzco again? You were here just yesterday, and with Tim McGreevy laid up . . . How did you do it?"

John laughed, a bitter little laugh. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm not working for Nelson any more."

"Not working for Nelson?"

"That's it. I had some words with him yesterday—about not getting enough time off. When he got nasty, I just up and quit. That's why I was so disappointed about not finding you home."

Tears brimmed suddenly from Sally's eyes. "How awful!" she whispered. "Oh, John! It was really a very good job and now I've gone and spoiled everything!"

His arm went around her. "Nonsense," he said. "I've got a couple of other offers already. Good offers."

"Where?"

He smiled down at her. "A little place down in Chile needs a man like me," he said. "And I understand that a defense plant in Detroit wouldn't turn down a good worker, either. Which will it be, Sally?"

Sally stopped. Before her eyes the pink stucco bungalow was still standing. There were lights streaming from the windows and the sound of children's voices somewhere in the distance. Micaela must be very busy with so many young ones to feed. She, Sally, could be busy, too, if she wanted to be. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

She put her hand in John's. "I've been in Detroit," she said softly, "but I don't know a thing about Chile, John . . ."

The Divine Prodigality

By EDWIN KAISER, C.P.P.S.

WHEN we ponder the mysteries of our faith we usually place before our minds such fundamental dogmas as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence, and Transubstantiation. We may even probe into the problem of grace and free will or attempt to reconcile the absolute certainty of faith with the possibility of doubt and apostasy. But very rarely do we dwell on the lesser mysteries—if I may be pardoned the term—which arise from the great dogmas and seem to shed much light on them.

We scarcely seem to realize that the doctrine of the Redemption is enriched by many "lesser mysteries." These add to the splendor and grandeur of the central dogma. Thus there is the problem of reconciling the extreme mental agony of Christ and His constant happiness due to possession of the Beatific Vision from the first moment of His Conception. Again there is the question of the freedom of His acceptance of suffering, all decreed by the Heavenly Father: how could One so exalted in holiness have any freedom in obeying the command to suffer and die on the Cross. No less intriguing and—strange though it be—enlightening is the mystery of divine prodigality in the Passion and Death. With this our article is concerned.

Our faith teaches that by His Death on the Cross, Christ made satisfaction for our sins. As man He was able to atone, to merit. And His every human act was divine-human and of infinite worth, because of the divine personality whose act it was. Wherefore, any act of Christ, a tiny prayer, a sigh, an offering of a drop of His Blood, would have been sufficient to atone for all mankind. "A mere drop of Blood," says Pope Clement VI, "would have sufficed for the Redemption of the whole human race, because of the union of the human nature with the divine Person. And

nevertheless," the Pontiff adds, "He shed it copiously, so that 'from the sole of the foot unto the top of His head there was no soundness in Him'" (Is. I, 6.) Herein lies our lesser mystery.

It is the mystery of the divine prodigality, of the "wastefulness" of the Passion, of the Blood. If a mere drop sufficed, why was it all shed in great pain and agony? Why so much Blood and pain?

Nature itself gives us a hint as to the solution. The material universe suggests that the Creator is lavish in manifesting His greatness and power. Everywhere there is a profusion of power and beauty. Mighty forces are operative in every part of the tremendous universe. Where foot of man never trod nor eye of man penetrated there is the same reckless expenditure of beauty and power. Occasionally a traveler chances upon a scene never beheld by human eyes

before that chance arrival, or an explorer penetrates beyond the adventure of his predecessors, only to find the same lavishness of nature in majestic solitude. Has all this splendor waited for the chance arrival of a man? Or have the resources locked in the bosom of the earth waited all these ages for man's discovery of God's bounty? Or is it perchance that the Creator is glorified even though man does not perceive His handiwork? In every instance the Creator does naught in niggardly fashion as though He were bound to husband every resource in order to accomplish His ends. All His work is great, splendid, lavish, indicative of unlimited power.

If God is lavish in the works of nature, we have every reason to expect similar lavishness in the supernatural order, in the work of Redemption, in the economy of grace and salvation. We should rather be surprised if the Redemption were not "copious." The divine prodigality would not be satisfied with a mere prayer or sigh from the lips of the Redeemer, nor with one drop of divine-human Blood; it would have a life of divine-human obedience and prayer, a painful Passion with every kind of suffering, an agonizing bloody death. The divine generosity would show superabundant mercy and demand superabundant atonement.

Every act of Christ, we said, had an infinite value. We might use the term "personal" or "subjective" value, a value deriving from the fact that it was the act of the God-man. Any such would have been sufficient for our Redemption, since each is infinite. But God willed yet another "infinity" of moral value; a value which we might call "objective." The acts of Christ's Passion and Death, His love, His obedience, His supreme Sacrifice of His life, the pouring forth of all His Blood—these God willed and de-



manded of His Son, and with them all the vast merit of His holy life, not merely because they had personal infinite value as acts of the God-man, but also because they attain an ultimate, a supreme grandeur, a certain infinity in objective value.

The simple Gospel narrative reveals better than any sermon or pious treatise the extent and intensity of Our Lord's Passion. Scarcely any agony or pain was spared Him. The very universality of sin seems symbolized in the sources or causes of His suffering: the Chosen People, His very own, turned against Him with a fickleness manifested in the dramatic substitution of the Good Friday "Crucify Him" for the Palm Sunday "Hail to the Son of David." Rabble and leaders of the people joined with heathen soldiers and rulers to jeer and mock. Of His disciples one betrayed, the other denied Him. All but a few forsook Him. He suffered in His honor and good name, and even in the sacred intimate relation with His Heavenly Father, through insult and blasphemy.

OF EARTHLY possessions not even His garments were left to Him. His soul was filled with fear and sorrow even unto death; and to agony of soul, unequaled in the history of human pain, was added the fatigue and torture of His body. Not a member was spared: His head was crowned with thorns, His face was covered with spittle and insulting blows, His sacred flesh torn and cut by inhuman scourging. None of the senses, so acute and perfect, was permitted to go unscathed: the sense of touch was afflicted by thorn, scourge, cross, and nail; the sense of taste by parching thirst; the sense of smell by fetid odor of the dungeon and the Hill of Skulls, of stinking rabble and sweating soldiery; the sense of hearing by strident shouts even unto the moment of death; His sight by the presence of His Mother and the few faithful friends who wept at His suffering.

Then too, in enduring His suffering Our Divine Saviour experienced a refinement of cruelty not meted out to the average victim. There was the personal hatred of the Scribes and Pharisees, whose hypocrisy He had publicly castigated and who in His hour of apparent defeat rejoiced in their opportunity to insult Him.

There was the apostate Herod whose presence in Jerusalem for the feast was the occasion of a mockery which the ordinary condemned malefactor is not called upon to undergo. A fool's robe is not the vesture of every man whom circumstances of guilt or of innocence force to stand at the bar of justice. Yet Jesus Christ was so clothed, and mocked. Even on the cross the Lord was not immune to the added indignities of head-wagging and abusive blasphemies as His enemies taunted and jeered and ridiculed His divine sonship.

When one compares the suffering of Our Saviour with that of the martyrs, one is tempted to conclude that their suffering was greater in certain instances. St. Peter too was crucified, St. John was placed in a caldron of boiling oil (though miraculously preserved from death), St. Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron; others were burnt alive, some were sawed in two, some starved to death. Comparing torture with torture we might claim that the saints suffered as much as their Saviour. Nevertheless, St. Thomas holds that Christ endured the "greatest" suffering. Not only was crucifixion a dreadful punishment always accompanied by extreme pain, but the accompanying thirst was almost as dreadful as the crucifixion itself. Moreover, the Saviour was first crowned with thorns and scourged. The scourging was the merciless Roman punishment reserved for aliens, not the forty stripes save one, of which St. Paul speaks.

It is likewise to be maintained that the Body of Christ was more susceptible to pain because of the fineness and delicacy of His senses. Especially is it true that His mind endured greater agony because of His horror of sin. Nor did Christ seek to lessen His pain by any diversion of attention, as is our wont when we seek relief from pain or sorrow. Rather did He will to suffer. And because He freely suffered for the redemption of man, He sought to make His sufferings commensurate—this is the thought of St. Thomas—with the greatness of the fruit to be derived therefrom.

Our "lesser mystery" must be studied in the light of this will of Christ to save man. This will to save us flows from an infinite love, a love that gives without stint, without reckon of cost. The measure of God's love is not our worth, but the divine

generosity. And generosity is not static. It produces, it creates, it gives.

God's love seeks our love in return. It awakens in us hope and trust in Him Who has loved us so dearly as to give His life for us. "And hope does not disappoint," says St. Paul, "because the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who has been given to us. For why did Christ, at the set time, die for the wicked when as yet we were weak? For scarcely in behalf of a just man does one die; yet perhaps one might bring himself to die for a good man. But God commends his charity toward us, because when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans V). To these we may fittingly add the words of John, the Beloved Disciple: "In this we have come to know His love, that He laid down His life for us." (1 John, III, 16). . . . "In this has the love of God been shown in our case, that God has sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we may live through Him. In this is the love, not that we have loved God, but that He has first loved us, and sent His Son a propitiation for our sins." (ibid. IV, 9-10) "Let us therefore love, because God first loved us." (IV, 19)

The love of Christ manifested by His Passion and Death must be an example to us in obedience, patience, mortification of mind and body: for Christ was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. "Christ also suffered for us," St. Peter says, "leaving you an example that you should follow His steps." St. Augustine makes a helpful comment on the same point: By suffering so cruel and shameful a death Christ teaches even righteous men not to stand in fear of the most loathsome and painful persecution. Some indeed do not fear death itself so much as certain kinds of death; but that the righteous may fear no kind of death, even the most terrible, Christ died on the cross, and that is the most terrible death.

THOSE who ponder frequently the mystery of Christ's great love for us, the mystery of divine prodigality manifested in infinite pain and all His Blood, when only a drop of Blood or a tiny prayer could have saved the whole human race, must grow in reverence and love for the Crucified. And in sorrow for sin! If He shed so much Blood, shall we not shed tears for our sins?

Woman to Woman

by Katherine Burton

Bernadette and Hollywood

THE WRITING OF a column such as this—the frank viewpoint of a woman of ordinary intelligence and experience—takes a certain amount of time. That is, the page must be worked over and additions and eliminations made, so that the meaning be clear.

The writing of a letter is a simpler matter, although here too one should read over one's own letter and first of all one should, if it is a critical letter, read over what one is criticizing. Two months ago I wrote on the forthcoming motion-picture version of the recent book on Bernadette. I expressed a fear that the role of Our Lady might be put in the wrong hands. A letter in last month's issue of *THE SIGN* objects to my fears, which any writer has a perfect right to do, but the trouble in this instance is that I am not quoted correctly. In this letter with a passionate defense of Hollywood's methods of selecting stars for its roles, I am reported to have said that the part of Bernadette will be given over to a burlesque queen. I would never accuse Hollywood of such stupidity, and the whole idea is so silly that my Christian forbearance went far away for a few minutes. They may give the part, as I said plainly, to some dainty, lovely, utterly charming star who has several divorces behind her.

I do not like to be called unchristian for expressing such a fear. Also, because I still feel argumentative about the matter, I think the picture called *The King of Kings* was in its representation of Our Lord, extremely common and almost vulgar. I can't even remember the figure of Our Lady in it for remembering that terrible figure of the actor who took the part of Our Lord, swaying on the cross in a closeup.

As I was thinking about this criticism of my criticism of the sweet divorcees of Hollywood versus Our Lady, a letter came in, which says better than I did what I mean: "Won't you please start a movement to induce Hollywood—if it must film *The Song of Bernadette*—to present Our Lady by means of a glow of light, not through the medium of an actress? Or better still, suggest they film the book as it is written, allowing the spectators to sense the vision through the actions and expressions of Bernadette as the group around her at the grotto did, when Our Lady appeared to her."

I have had several pleasant letters saying I was a bit hard on the handling of the Werfel book, and that it will do a great deal of good to the Faith. I want to call my readers' attention to one little fact. Under every best seller list—except the Catholics ones—the book is listed among Best Sellers in *Fiction*. Need I say more?

A Saintly Woman Dies

A DEAR FRIEND of mine died last week. For years, while I was all day in an editorial office, she took care of my house and my children. I never worried about them for I knew they were safe with her as they would have been with me. In the years since my children have grown up she has taken care of other children and also of elderly people. She was a small wiry woman and she never seemed to get tired. But she must have grown tired, for she died very suddenly the other night. She had said her rosary and got into bed, then fell suddenly forward and was dead of a heart attack. There was no time to call a priest, but surely that did not matter for she lived always a life ready for death at any time.

She did not really have to work this way and her husband used often to try to get her to stop. But there were my children—and there were other children—and there was an elderly woman who wanted her.

The church was well filled for her burial, and I recognized quite a few people whose relatives she had at some time taken care of. She had a High Mass, which I think would have overwhelmed her who always sat far back in the church at every Mass she attended—and they were many. She had been getting up early this year to go to the six o'clock Mass, for the elderly lady liked her to be on duty by seven—she slept so badly and wanted someone early to serve breakfast.

Today I picked up a paper and read about the new troubles in Ireland—American soldiers roughly treated on several occasions, fear of riots because of the execution of a young man whose love of country took a view contrary to that of law and authority. I know little of the troubles of Ireland, save that my sympathy is apt to go out to the ill-treated man who this time is wrong rather than to the bully who happens this time to be right. But I thought of a day years ago, when my housekeeper bought me a gift her husband had brought me on his return from a trip to Ireland. It was a handkerchief, a lovely thing, a wide lace square, with a small square of linen in its center so fine it seemed almost like lace itself. And as she gave it to me she said, "This is Ireland, you know, this sort of thing—not the noise."

She had herself brought to America the patience and the love of beauty and the skill that had gone to make that piece of lace. There are many like her, living quiet lives full of affectionate care for others, and they do it so unostentatiously that one hardly knows what they have done until long afterward when one has time to remember. Like the handkerchief, she represented Ireland—and the noise does not.



CAN you remember when the comics were funny? When you chuckled with amusement over one witty sally after another?

If you can, you are more fortunate than your child and mine, for they are growing up in an age that substitutes fantasy and horror for the heart-warming bits of humor that once filled the comic sheet.

Sheet did I say? So it was then; now comics fill whole magazines and children file them away to be read again and again.

There are 120 comic magazines in the market for nearly 2,000,000 words a month. Much of this material is purchased from free-lance authors, and the trade magazines are well padded with advertisements offering from \$5 to \$25 for ideas for a single strip. So eager are the publishers for new ideas that a writers' publication carried an article entitled "Calling All Comics," with minute directions for the preparation of a comic-strip synopsis. Perhaps new authors thus

This Funny

inspired will come forth with sane ideas based on humorous situations staged in the reality of our own world.

However, don't buy next month's comics on the strength of that pious hope, for here are some quotations from the article:

"Tease the reader. Whenever possible make the last panel of each page end in high suspense—thugs about to kill the girl, hero prostrate before an onrushing steam roller, and so on. It's the old cliff-hanger serial gag."

And again they counsel:

"Comics are primarily picture stories. Let the artist and his picture tell the story as much as possible. If the scene calls for the heroine to be churned through terrible rapids, don't clutter up the thing with a caption describing 'the raging torrents, et al.' Let the artist show that."

So that is what is happening to the innocent realm of slapstick! Into a lost limbo of carefree laughter have gone such lovable old favorites as Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus, Buster Brown, Little Nero, and many

others. Some of the old favorites, such as Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy, and The Gumps, linger on in newspaper or magazine form, but they have survived because their authors have been willing to turn them into serials of hectic episodes with only occasional injections of pale humor. In stiff competition have come Superman, The Blue Beetle, The Mask, and the incomparable Buck Rogers. They and many like them know no limits of time, space, or law. If Superman or his prototype wills a thing it is right, and he bows to no superior being, even God Himself. Such themes are not only pagan in content, but they are frequently devoid of even human virtues and shamelessly glorify cruelty and murder. By their weird catastrophes they build apprehension and prove a very real challenge to the small reader's sense of security.

Less serious, but definitely damaging to young nervous systems, is the false concept of existence the comics depict. Events occur in a mad suc-

There have been even more serious results among the young disciples of the mirthless funnies. Last year we read of the tragic suicide of a Cleveland child who, it was said, had been too greatly influenced by the modern "comic." More recently nine-year-old Barbara Ortega of San Francisco shot and killed her playmate, David Antolini. He and four other boys attempted to take away her comic magazine. Barbara, left alone by working parents, leveled her father's double-barreled shotgun and fired.

Of course these are extreme cases of physical violence. Overstimulation and frayed nerves take their toll much more often in irritability and inefficiency. Moral violence is more difficult to measure. Yet the constant repetition of pagan philosophy and pseudoscientific material is bound to put its mark upon our boys and girls. For them there is no adult detachment. The characters, through constant rereading, become more real than members of their own families.

ception, fear, murder, and death were all there. He protested loudly against such a holocaust of humor. Momentarily other publishers took up the cry, but nothing much happened.

Not long ago another thoughtful criticism came from Sterling North, who does a good job both as Literary Editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and as a conscientious father. After examining over one hundred comic books he made the following report:

"Save for a scattering of more or less innocuous gag comics and some reprints of newspaper strips, we found that the bulk of these lurid publications depend for their appeal upon mayhem, torture, and abduction—often with a child as the victim. Superman heroics, voluptuous females in scanty attire, blazing machine guns, hooded justice, and cheap political propaganda were to be found on almost every page of these sex horror magazines."

Mr. North's convictions were reprinted in the *Reader's Digest* and must have been read by thousands of

Business Is No Joke!

By EVELYN B. COOGAN

cession of hectic episodes. Life moves forward at a wild jitterbug pace that completely departs from any vestige of reality found in daily living.

Take Superman as an example. You may be surprised to learn that this "Man of Steel" is the son of a mastermind from another planet, skyrocketed to our world in his infancy to escape destruction. His remarkable life continued in our midst and his powers knew no fetters. The intricate problem of a dual personality is added to this unwholesome set-up. By day, Superman is humble Clark Kent, a newspaper reporter, frequently branded as a coward. By night, he is a mastermind who jumps off buildings, circles the world at will, and assisted by his X-ray eyes rights all manner of fantastic wrongs.

He is a stock pattern and there are as many duplications as there are comic books. Small wonder then that one loyal young reader soared off his double-decker bed to land in a bruised heap beside an open window. Another young comic-book fan of weaker judgment broke his arm as he jumped out of an attic window.

What has caused this strange metamorphosis, from those lovable grotesque creatures we enjoyed, into the unscrupulous masterminds of today's hectic episodes?

H. G. Wells and Jules Verne have been credited with sowing the seed for the modern comics in their pseudoscientific adventure books of the late nineties. Their fantastic heroes defied natural laws in many ways, yet they did not mistake brutality for strength. But if thus the seed was sown, it was long in flowering. The comic book as we know it today did not appear on the newsstand until about 1938. Since then it has made up for lost time and has become a \$15,000,000 a year industry.

That is what the public pays for comic books. What in turn does the comic give the reader, especially the juvenile?

Trying to answer that question, Elzey Roberts of the *St. Louis Star Times* read his own eleven comic strips and found ten of them dealt with subversive influences—theft, de-

parents—yet the comics still thrive.

Perhaps this is largely due to the fact that few parents in this troubled world of ours have taken time to examine this tainted ambrosia that feeds our children's minds. These books bear a pictorial similarity in makeup with the harmless funnies of our own youth. Doubtless that is why we are prone to consider them indulgently and wonder if a few overzealous people aren't crying "wolf." But, as Mr. North says, one examination is convincing that the comics are a plague, not a blessing. All that our children have been taught to believe fine and worthwhile meets with complete negation. Women clad in sensuous attire strut across their pages assisting in tortures that smack of early Florentine cruelty. The anarchistic assumption that "might makes right" is repeated so frequently, one suspects it may have been done with a pedagogical intent to meet the sinister purposes of the pagan pot-boilers. Heroes with unbridled wills act impulsively in subtle challenge to the Christian way of life, which is based on freedom within the law.

Decoration by ROBERT ALLAWAY

The Catholic viewpoint was stated by the National Organization for Decent Literature in their list banning more than a dozen comic magazines. Also, an editorial in the *Michigan Catholic* attacked both the so-called funnies and the objectional advertising of a suggestive nature.

Inspired by a series of articles on the comics by Sister Mary Clare, S.N.D. in the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, the parochial school children of Cleveland have had a successful drive against the scourge. They formed an active F.B.I. (Funny Book Inspectors) who tirelessly collected and disposed of the books. Sister Mary Clare gives this important warning to the parents of toddlers, who might underestimate their responsibility because their youngsters were too young to read:

"One of the most insidious angles to the whole question is the fact that the comics exercise their harmful influence long before the children are old enough to have developed a strong Christian character through the practice of self-mastery in thought, word, and deed. Even before they can read, little boys and girls are comic fans. A prominent psychologist tells us that the hideous pictures in the comics affect such children more than they do those who can read the balloons attached to the pictures. The harm done is therefore incalculable."

For the children who can read, comics are made available in many cities in rental libraries as well as on the newsstands. A fee of five cents a week in many communities admits a child to a reading room in which he may peruse the whole week's assortment of mirthless funnies.

Of course, all comic books are not of the same caliber. Walt Disney has a clever Mickey Mouse Monthly that has great appeal for small children. Except that it offers the same visual hazards all of the comic books possess, cheap paper and blurred type, Mickey Mouse deserves a four-star rating.

Three of the newer comic books deal with historical and factual material. They were introduced by a well-known publisher as a substitute for the more sinister variety. The idea was a step upward in subject matter, but unfortunately in development and choice of material these comics have met with criticism because they have handled controver-

sial topics of a propaganda nature.

Recently in an address reported by the *New York Times* this publisher condemned the overspiced brand of reading. And although his comics had been introduced to stem the flow of oversensational reading, he felt that even they fell far short of constructive reading.

If we rule out the comic books, and nothing short will solve the problem, we must have a satisfactory substitute to offer. Some will find the answer in athletics, others in crafts and hobbies. All will sooner or later find a deeper contentment in good books—books that can't be skimmed like the comics, because they have thought-provoking ideas to offer, because step by step they will build vision, courage, and clear thinking that should be the heritage of every American child.

At the present moment we are un-

CONSIDERING ASTERS

By Clifford J. Laube

"Consider, son, the lilies: how they grow,"
My Counsellor, the Galilean, said;
But I instead,
Since no late lilies in my garden blow,
Consider this swift spread
Of smoke-blue stars above my aster-bed.

Through long semesters of the summertime
Bright with the bannered iris and the rose,
Heart-lost in luster, cluster, color-chime,
I quite forgot these stems,
As one who, dazed with angled darts and glows
From inwrought diadems,
Forgets the filigree for all the gems.

Then suddenly there sallied from the north
An icy shift of wind.
Yet even as the ferns fell, javelined,
And all the legions of the garden thinned,
Unflinchingly these asters hosted forth.

Instructed thus, I shed solicitude
For languid hours lost,
And gather strength for that stern interlude
Wherein I too must mortally accost
The teeth and terror of the final frost.

able to predict how great our needs may be. But we, as parents, realize that ours is a task as grave as it is imperative. We must protect our children from the harrowing details of combat and preserve their strong young nervous systems in the face of grim realities. The overstimulating comic book is assuredly not the answer. We need no escape into mythical planets with creatures of demoniac power.

Instead, let us go with them into a land of books—time-tested fairy tales, adventure, biography, and most of all, religion. Through the centuries, Mother Church has guarded for us a joyous faith full of courage and optimism, a faith that has given the weary world the two feasts of genuine merriment and rejoicing, Christmas and Easter. A faith that above all else has given mankind the Prince of Peace.



SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Index of Forbidden Books

Is there any way I could get the Index of Forbidden Books and its current supplements? I think it is important to know what books are condemned before reading, rather than afterward.—CHICAGO, ILL.

The complete *Index of Forbidden Books* is published by the Vatican Press in Vatican City. At present it is not available on account of the war. Supplements of the Index are not published, but from time to time it is brought up to date in a new edition. The last edition was published under Pope Pius XI in 1930. We can furnish for twelve cents, postpaid, a booklet that gives a list of the forbidden books more likely to be of interest to the faithful, and also explains the laws of the Index.

It is impossible for the compilers of the Index to notice all the books that issue from the presses of the world. Hence, it is necessary for Catholics, who are conscientious in the matter of reading, to consult the reviews of books in Catholic newspapers and magazines; and in case the book one wants to know about is not mentioned in them, and he cannot consult a living authority, he must fall back on the general norms of morality, as in so many other cases. Whatever is harmful to faith and morals must be left unread.

An excellent book service is *Books on Trial*, published by the Thomas More Library, Majestic Building, Chicago, Ill. It classifies current books, especially "Best Sellers," from the reviews of available Catholic publications. It costs \$1.00 a year.

No Marriage in Heaven

We have been puzzled over the lot of people who marry twice and have children of each marriage. Supposing they lead a good life and get to heaven, what will be their relationship in the next life?—CHICAGO, ILL.

A similar problem was proposed to Our Lord by the Sadducees, who denied the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. In order to substantiate their contention, they asked Jesus what would be the condition of a woman who had married, successively,

seven brothers. If she were reunited in heaven to the first, it would be unjust to the others; if to more than one, or to all seven, it would be polyandry, and hence against the natural law. Jesus replied to their sophistry in these words, "You err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God; for in the resurrection they shall neither marry nor be married, but shall be as the angels of God in heaven" (Matt. 22:23-31). Though there will be no marriage in heaven, the family relationships of earth will furnish additional causes of joy.

Sant'Angelo

What is the origin of the statue atop the castle on the Tiber in Rome?—RACINE, WIS.

In the beginning of the pontificate of Pope Saint Gregory the Great (590-604, A.D.) Rome was visited by a severe plague. The Pope ordered a penitential procession through the streets of the city in order to obtain from God the removal of the scourge. According to a legend which subsequently gained great credence, but which no early historians mention, Saint Michael the Archangel was seen during the procession in the act of sheathing his sword on the summit of Hadrian's tomb on the Tiber. This was taken as a sign that the plague was over. The legend accounts for the statue atop the mausoleum, which since the tenth century has borne the name of Castle Sant'Angelo—Castle of the Holy Angel. (*Butler's Lives of the Saints*, March 12.)

Catholics, Non-Catholics, and Divorce

Catholics are forbidden to obtain divorces, but some non-Catholics secure divorces repeatedly because their churches permit it. They enjoy a liberty in regard to matrimony that is denied to Catholics. Have they as much chance of getting to heaven as Catholics?

The absolute prohibition of divorce *a vinculo* in the case of sacramental and consummated marriages is not ultimately forbidden by the Church but by Christ. The Church adheres to Christ's law and does not attempt to change it to suit the vagaries of human passion. In this and other grave matters the Catholic Church is repeat-

edly proving that she alone is the Church established by Christ.

Living according to the Catholic way of life may at times be harder to flesh and blood than the non-Catholic way, but it is the way of Christ, "who having joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame," and who as a result "now sitteth at the right hand of the throne of God." Catholics who live according to Christ's way as taught by His Church will also share in His reward. Non-Catholics can be saved, but not as easily and securely as Catholics, for they have not the helps to salvation enjoyed by Catholics.

Doxology of Lord's Prayer

Is the ending of the Lord's Prayer as given in Protestant Bibles part of the prayer as Our Lord taught it, or is it merely a Protestant addition?—CHICAGO, ILL.

The doxology, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever, Amen," is not in the Vulgate, the official Latin translation of the Bible, nor is it found in the Sinaiticus, a fourth century manuscript, nor in most of the Latin texts. It was not admitted by Cyprian, Cyril of Jerusalem, Jerome, Augustine, or Tertullian. Most, if not all, exegetes of the New Testament agree that it forms no part of the Lord's Prayer as taught by Jesus.

The above doxology was incorporated into many Greek texts of the New Testament and it was from these texts that it found its way into the Protestant translations. Erasmus edited a Greek New Testament in 1516 that was widely used. Martin Luther made his translation of the New Testament into German from the text of Erasmus, and it is probable that many other Protestant translations into the vernacular were based on Luther's work.

It was through the liturgy that the doxology found its way into the Greek texts. The Christians of the first century used it, as the *Didache*, or *Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles* (Chap. viii, 2), proves. In origin, therefore, the doxology is not Protestant, since it is found in the Apostolic age. Nor is it exclusively Protestant today, for most if not all the Greek liturgies, both Catholic and schismatic, still use it. It is probably based on Paralipomenon, 29:11 of the Vulgate, or 1 Chronicles 29:11 of the King James Bible. We are indebted to the noted biblical authority, Rev. J. M. Voste, O.P., for the above from a letter in *The Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, January, 1942.

Marriage Before Justice

I was always under the impression that the Church did not recognize a marriage of either a Catholic or a non-Catholic performed before a justice of the peace. Recently I heard that since 1908 the Church changed this rule, and now does consider such a marriage valid for a non-Catholic. Is this true?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

As explained in last month's issue, Catholics in this country who married before anyone but an authorized priest and witnesses acted unlawfully, but not invalidly, except in a few places where the decree *Tametsi* of the

Council of Trent, invalidating clandestine marriages, was properly published. But since April 19, 1908, when the decree *Ne Temere* of Pope Pius X began to bind throughout the Church, it was not only unlawful but also invalid for Catholics to marry before anyone but an authorized priest and at least two witnesses. Non-Catholics, so long as they married among themselves, could marry validly before any legally authorized official—minister or justice of the peace.

Saint Mark

I was baptized on April 25 and given the name Mark. Will you please publish a short biography of this saint?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saint Mark (April 25) was the inspired writer of the second Gospel. Most probably he was of Jewish extraction, as the many Hebrew expressions in his text indicate. It is not certain, though it is generally believed, that he was the "John who was surnamed Mark" mentioned in the Acts 12:35, who was for some time the companion of Paul and Barnabas in the first part of their ministry. The Roman Martyrology calls him "the disciple and interpreter of Saint Peter" and says that he wrote his Gospel at the request of the Roman Christians under the direction of Saint Peter himself. It is also most probable that he was the disciple whom Saint Peter called "my son Mark." (I Pet. 5:13.) He was the founder of the Church at Alexandria in Egypt, where he died in prison about the year 70 A. D. In the ninth century his body was translated to Venice, of which city he is the chief patron saint.

Contributing to Other Churches

May Catholic merchants contribute to the support of Jewish and Protestant places of worship?

By no means, for this would be unlawful co-operation in false worship. But for a good reason, which merchants usually have in this matter, they may contribute to causes sponsored by them that have a *philanthropic* purpose, not necessarily connected with support of a false religion, as such.

Episcopal Clergyman

Should a Catholic address an Episcopalian clergyman as "Father" if others in the neighborhood do so?

If he is commonly addressed as "Father" it would be courteous to accommodate oneself to the local custom.

May a married Episcopalian clergyman be ordained a priest in the Catholic Church, after his conversion?

Men with wives are simply impeded from embracing the clerical state, but it is possible for the Holy See to dispense from the impediment under certain conditions. The partners, after their conversion, would have to agree to perpetual separation and the wife must bind herself to the practice of continence, usually by taking vows in a religious community.

Text From Proverbs

I saw a moving picture recently in which the chief character suffered from amnesia after a train wreck and could not remember who he was. He thought himself to be someone else. Visiting a physician friend, the latter told him he was the person he thought he was and the doctor quoted a text from the Book of Proverbs to prove it. The text was, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Is there such a text in Proverbs, and does it mean what the doctor said?—SAINT PAUL, MINN.

We do not find this text in the Catholic Bible, but it is given in the Protestant Bible (King James version). The latter (Proverbs 23: 6, 7) says, "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats. For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The same verses in the Catholic Bible are, "Eat not with an envious man, and desire not his meats. Because like a soothsayer and diviner, he thinketh that which he knoweth not." The Catholic Bible is more faithful to the original texts than the Protestant, which accounts for the common criticism that the former is not as elegant a translation as the latter. In any case, the physician's quotation had no bearing whatever on the question of amnesia. The Bible does not support hallucination of any kind.

Praying for Protestants

Is it right to pray for Protestants? I had two very dear friends who died recently and would like to know if it is allowed to pray for them.—BROOKLINE, MASS.

Of course it is lawful to pray for them. Whatever made you think it was not permitted? We may and ought to pray for all who can be helped by our prayers, especially for those who are, or were, united to us by the ties of friendship. The Church even permits the celebration of Mass for non-Catholics, living or dead, but in a private manner only. That is, there must be no public announcement of the intention to offer Mass for them.

Marriage Contracted by Unbaptized

An unbaptized man contracted an unfortunate marriage in early youth (in fact, he was under legal age) before a justice of the peace. Now he and a Catholic girl are deeply in love and wish to marry, as soon as possible. He is willing to be baptized and be married in the Church. Could this former marriage be annulled, and if so how much would an annulment cost?—O. N. T.

No definite answer can be given to the above, since all the facts about his marriage are not known. In any case, it belongs to the diocesan matrimonial court to decide whether the marriage is dissoluble by virtue of the Pauline Privilege or the Privilege of the Faith. We suggest that you see your pastor and furnish all the data about the marriage.

The expression "to annul a marriage" is not a happy one. It is apt to cause a false impression. A declaration

of nullity is not like rescinding a valid contract in civil law; it is a formal statement made by competent ecclesiastical authority that the bond of marriage never existed, because of some invalidating impediment at the time of the marriage.

The fee in such cases is usually a modest one. The poor are served gratuitously.

Seal of Confession

Are there any circumstances under which a commanding officer can question a chaplain about a soldier's confession? This question was asked in a soldier's examination for a commission and answered by him in the negative, but his paper was marked wrong, according to the military manual.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The question was indefinite, but we think the soldier answered correctly. The Catholic doctrine about the secrecy that must attend the sacrament of penance is thus summarized by Cardinal Gasparri: "The confessor is bound by an inviolable sacramental seal. Not only is he forbidden to reveal sins heard in confession, but he must take great care not to betray the sinner for any reason by word or sign, or in any other way. Moreover, he is forbidden to make any use of knowledge derived from the confession as shall prejudice the penitent, even when there is no danger of the secret being violated." (*Catholic Catechism*, n. 457.)

Obligation of Keeping Confessional Secret

I am a policeman. If by chance I overheard a penitent confess a major crime, would I be justified in arresting him and revealing to the authorities what I heard? If I failed to arrest such a person, would I be recreant in my duty as a public officer? Does the obligation to keep secret what has been heard in another's confession oblige non-Catholics, also?

All without exception who in any way hear what has been revealed in a sacramental confession are obliged to keep it secret. This obligation arises by virtue of the natural law, as well as the ecclesiastical law. You would not be justified in arresting the culprit, if your knowledge was gained only from his confession. Nor would you be derelict in your duty as a public officer, in the circumstances, according to the principles of moral theology.

Blessing After Communion

The Sisters here usually receive Holy Communion before Mass. I noticed that the priest blesses them before beginning Mass, except when he offers a Mass for the dead. Why is this?—SAINT PAUL, MINN.

The Baltimore Ceremonial directs that this blessing is not given if the priest wears black vestments. In Masses offered in these vestments no blessing is imparted to those present, as in other Masses, because the whole rite is performed principally for the spiritual relief of the souls in Purgatory, rather than for the benefit of the faithful on earth.

Grace Before Meals

When Catholics are entertaining non-Catholics at dinner, would it be right for the host to ask one of the latter to say grace before the meal?—WALLA WALLA, WASH.

If the Catholic host wished to extend this courtesy to a non-Catholic guest, he might do so. The grace usually said is simply a petition for God's blessing on those present and on the food, through the merits of Christ. Privately it is permitted to join with a non-Catholic in saying a prayer in which there is no heresy. There is no heresy in the usual form of grace.

Blessed Lidwina

I was christened Lidwina by a Dutch priest in Holland, but was never called by that name since I came to this country, as Lidwina is an unusual name. Everybody knows me as Lois. I am very interested in my baptismal name and would be grateful for information about her. I remember my mother once told me that Lidwina was a patron saint of Holland.
—CHICAGO, ILL.

Blessed Lidwina (Lydwina, Lydwine) was born at Scheidam in Holland on Palm Sunday in 1380, the daughter of a humble laborer who was also an exemplary Christian. At the age of fifteen she fell on the ice while skating and broke a rib on her right side. From that time until her death in 1433 she was confined to her bed and became one of the most famous sufferers of all times. Pope Benedict XIV in the decree of her beatification couples her name with those of Job and Tobias as models of patience. God favored her with marvelous graces. According to the sworn deposition of witnesses she practically depended for nourishment upon Holy Communion for the last nineteen years of her life. Though commonly given the name of saint, she was never officially canonized, but her cult was formally confirmed by Pope Leo XIII in 1890. (*Butler's Lives of the Saints*, April 14th.) In popular devotion she may well be regarded as a patron saint of Holland. Lidwina is the name of a great servant of God and you should be proud to bear it. Lois is a form of Louise.

Studies for Priesthood

I wish to study for the priesthood when I have finished high school. Would you please tell me the required subjects for this course of study?—NEW HAVEN, CONN.

After having completed the usual studies of high school, the candidate for the priesthood must study a course of scholastic philosophy and allied subjects for at least two years. The theological course must last four years. Besides dogmatic and moral theology, special attention must be paid to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, church history, canon law, liturgy, sacred eloquence, and ecclesiastical chant. Special classes are also held in pastoral theology, in which the candidate is taught how to teach the catechism to children and others, how to hear confessions, visit the sick, and assist the dying.

Holy Eucharist: Sigrid Undset's Books

(1) *If we take the words of consecration of the Mass literally, why do we not also take literally these words of Our Lord:—"Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you"? I realize that we are taught that where the Body of Christ is, there also is His blood, but that surely is not a literal interpretation? (2) Is it sinful to read "Kristin Lavransdatter"? Are any of Sigrid Undset's books on the Index?—NUTLEY, N. J.*

(1) The words used by Christ when He instituted the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper must be understood literally. Hence, when the priest says the words of consecration over the bread and wine at Mass, they are changed as to their substance into the Body and Blood of Christ, but their appearances remain. This is called transubstantiation. Christ is whole and entire under each form, and under each part of each form. Hence, when one receives Holy Communion under the form of bread only, he literally receives the Precious Blood also. The Body of Christ is a living body and the Blood is living blood. Only the celebrant of the Mass is strictly obliged to offer and receive the Body and Blood under each form. (2) None of her works are listed in the Index, but they are written only for mature minds.

Marriage Rite

A few days ago a couple were married in the sanctuary of the monastery church, but without a nuptial Mass. I thought only those married at a Mass were allowed inside the sanctuary.—BOSTON, MASS.

Canon 1109, n. 1, prescribes that a marriage between Catholics shall take place "in the parish church." The common law does not go into further details. Diocesan statutes legislate as to whether these marriages shall be celebrated inside or outside the altar rails. Where the former is the case, it is clear that a marriage may be performed inside the sanctuary without there being a nuptial Mass.

Flags in Church

In some Catholic churches the national flag is on the epistle side of the sanctuary, and the papal flag on the gospel side, while in other churches their relative positions are the reverse. Why is this?—INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Liturgical books do not give directions about this matter, which may account for the difference in displaying the flag of the United States and the papal flag in churches. The norm that many pastors follow is the one contained in the House Joint Resolution, passed on June 15, 1942. This resolution directs that when the United States flag is displayed from a staff in a church, inside the chancel or sanctuary, the national flag should occupy the position of honor, and therefore should be placed at the clergyman's right, as he faces the congregation. Any other flag displayed in the chancel should be placed on the clergyman's left. This places the national flag on the gospel side and the papal flag on the epistle side. If the national flag and another flag are displayed in a church elsewhere than in the chancel, the positions are reversed.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"Song in the Night"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just seen the August issue of THE SIGN in which appears Brassil Fitzgerald's article about my beloved father, Samuel Gridley Howe. I am his youngest daughter, and was born 87 years ago at Perkins Institution. I am greatly moved by what Mr. Fitzgerald writes.

It was the dream of my sister, Florence Marion Hall, that the life of our father should be made into a serious drama. Besides the incidents described in Mr. Fitzgerald's article, the teaching of Laura Bridgman (the predecessor of Helen Keller) would make a telling addition. This miracle of education was hailed by all the poets and thinkers of the time, in Europe and in the United States.

I want to thank the author from my heart for the article.

Newport, R. I.

M. HOWE ELLIOTT

"Our Brother's Keeper"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Our Brother's Keeper," by George Stuart Brady, was splendid—as was his earlier article in your magazine, "A New Order for an Old." The author clearly demonstrates his ability to apply the principles of the Catholic faith to our economic life and to our relations with other nations. Not enough attention is given these practical problems by Catholic thinkers, who have failed to impress on our social thought the Christian truths which alone can bring us out of the morass into which we have sunk by clinging tenaciously to the pagan principles we have inherited from the so-called Reformation. Following the doctrine of the Reformers, the leaders of the Industrial Revolution have led us to a point where morality is divorced from our economic life, and from our relations with the peoples of other nations. It is only by returning to true Christian principles in our relations with our fellow men at home and abroad that

we can hope to lay the foundations of a lasting peace. "Our Brother's Keeper" is an excellent example of the application of Catholic principles to modern problems.

Washington, D. C.

R. L. D.

"Give Japan No Rest"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish that every American would read Hallett Abend's article, "Give Japan No Rest." As Mr. Abend brings out, it is necessary that we strike swiftly and strike often before Japan can begin to utilize for her own war effort the vast reserves of man power and of natural resources in the countries she has already conquered. Too many Americans are still complacent regarding the military strength of Japan. They seem to think that once Hitler has been subdued the Japanese Empire will collapse of its own weight. These Americans are still living in a dream world. Unless Japan is attacked soon and effectively, she will be so strong that only a long and exhausting war will bring her to final defeat.

By publishing articles like Mr. Abend's, THE SIGN is making a notable contribution to right thinking on the war.

Cleveland, Ohio

JOHN C. BUCKLEY

Situation in India

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"India—Vital to Victory," in the September issue of your magazine, was an enlightening analysis of the strategic situation of India. The importance of India makes it all the more urgent that an end be put immediately to the disorders there which are threatening to make that country an easy prey to Japanese imperialism. Press censorship prevents a full knowledge and therefore a full realization of the gravity of the situation. The strategical importance of India as brought out in your article makes the fate of this nation a matter of grave moment, not only to the Indians and British, but to all the United Nations. Are the British going to repeat in India the folly which has cost them so dearly in Egypt, Malaya, and Burma? The other United Nations should use every means at their disposal to persuade the British to abandon their intransigent attitude toward India. If they do not, the cause for which we are all fighting may suffer irreparable harm.

Seattle, Wash.

GEORGE V. NEWTON

Reader Reaction

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The President's recent message to Congress made more apparent the timeliness of the excellent editorial in your September issue, "Wanted: Fearless Leaders." This editorial preceded even the President in warning Congress of the urgent necessity for controlling farm prices and wages in order to ward off the threat of inflation. I was pleased to see your reminder to Congressional leaders that the present is no time for them to be influenced by fears for personal political security. I think that with this editorial THE SIGN again proved itself to be an outstanding representative of that portion of our press which can best protect the interests of the American people because of its freedom from

domination by selfish motives, or by political or moneyed interests.

The articles and editorials in your publication are always timely, objective, and enlightening. What more can a reader ask?

Chicago, Ill.

PETER MORAN

Books for Benediction for Soldiers

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mrs. M. Veronica McGrath's project for providing rosaries for the men in service is greatly commendable. Could I make a request for a group of soldiers through THE SIGN?

Our choir is in great need of books with special motets for Benediction. We would greatly appreciate it if some generous organization or kind person would furnish us with about twenty such books, old or new. God bless those who come to our rescue.

Chapel #2, SGT. A. G. PERREAULT, *Organist*
54th Armored Inf. Reg.,
A.P.O. 260-10th Div.,
Ft. Benning, Ga.,
c/o Catholic Chaplain

Congratulations

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I add my belated congratulations to those you have already received on the recent changes made in the appearance of THE SIGN. The picture-cover adds considerably to reader-interest. Your type changes though few show excellent typographical taste.

New York City

WILLIAM J. REILLY

The Sign Seminar

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a member of The Sign Seminar at the University of Havana, I should like to express my appreciation to the editors of THE SIGN for having provided me with the opportunity of coming into contact with a Latin American country under such an excellent director as Dr. Joseph F. Thorning.

To me, personally, the experience of traveling to Cuba and of spending those weeks in Havana was magnificent. The harbor, the Malecon, the narrow, old streets, the lottery sellers—all the distinctive details which make Havana so charming—fascinated me. The atmosphere at the University was so completely different from my own college that the experience of studying there was exceptionally vivid. Our classes were not only excellent from an academic viewpoint, but also brought us into contact with professors who delighted us with their personal grace and courtesy.

Then, too, as members of the Seminar, we had the privilege of meeting many outstanding and extraordinary personalities, among them the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop George J. Caruana; the Archbishop of Havana; Col. Loustalot; the American Ambassador, the Hon. Spruille Braden; and numerous others. The Cuban friends we made were wonderfully gracious and hospitable to us, no doubt influenced by the fact that we are a Catholic group in full sympathy with their ideals.

The factor that gave this whole summer, with its various experiences and associations, its real worth is

the movement of which the Seminar is a part—Spiritual Inter-Americanism. It has made so obvious to me the work which can be done that I hope to continue it as a career. Also, the well-rounded experience of this summer will become more and more valuable if war conditions make further trips of this sort impracticable.

May I express again my appreciation.

Havana, Cuba

JOAN MULHERIN

Pacifism

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It always amuses me to observe how huffy most Catholic editors become whenever the question of pacifism or conscientious objection arises. They seem to take it as a personal insult whenever anyone dares to question the morality of warfare. They seem to identify themselves with the aims of their various governments, giving the impression, as "Pacificus" pointed out in THE SIGN, that they are good Americans (or Englishmen, or Germans, as the case may be) first, and Catholics afterward.

I recall with amusement the manner in which the London Catholic *Universe* changed its editorial tune as soon as war was declared. Prior to that it had carried a lengthy discussion between Father Gerald Vann, O.P., (whose writings have influenced many Catholic conscientious objectors) and a Mr. Dingle, on a certain aspect of the morality of warfare. Shortly after that, war having been declared, Mr. Eric Gill, the eminent English sculptor, essayist, and convert, wrote to the editor, urging discussion of the question "On what grounds may a Catholic refuse military service?" That worthy gentleman replied with hauteur that the *Universe* did not propose "to open its columns to a discussion which could hardly produce the authoritative statement which Mr. Gill seeks and which could only have the effect of unsettling the minds of the hundreds of thousands of those who know precisely how they stand in relation to God and to their country in the present emergency." Apparently, those whose unsettled minds, a short time before, took interest in the several-thousand-word Vann-Dingle controversy had, as far as the editor was concerned, become immediately convinced of their course once war was declared.

The editors' suggestion that pacifists "co-operate with Pope Pius XII in securing the adoption by the nations of his five peace principles, and endeavor to secure the formation of a supranational tribunal where disputes between states might be settled" is a splendid one. However, to concentrate on the future, without giving consideration to the means being used to bring about that future, is to live in a fool's paradise. Let us not be deceived: no one is listening to the Pope's proposals now, and no one will listen to them after the war. Was not Benedict XV excluded from the peace conferences that followed World War I?

Providence, R. I.

READER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to answer Pacificus in the August issue of THE SIGN.

About six years ago I attended a luncheon at which one of the members was a conscientious objector and another was the average run of American citizen. Both were college graduates. The question of war came up

and the conscientious objector stated that under no circumstances would he fight in any kind of war. "Turn the other cheek," he said. The other said to him: "Suppose for one moment this country were invaded. One day your wife and two children are in the yard—the children playing, your wife attending to her flower garden. You are standing in the doorway looking at all three with great admiration. All of a sudden invaders come along, break into your home, seize your wife and strike down your children. Would you fight?"

The conscientious objector didn't answer.

After the luncheon I was walking with the gentleman who had asked the question and the conscientious objector came up to him and said, "You certainly put me on the spot."

Today that conscientious objector is at war; not in the conscientious objector's camp, but with our fighting forces. He is not a draftee but a volunteer.

Now let me ask if there is any difference between the above picture and what Japan did when she attacked Pearl Harbor and invaded the Philippines, and what she would do to Alaska and the States of Washington, Oregon, and California if she dared. In such an event would "Pacifists" expect the Catholic Bishops of the country to demand all Catholics in this country not to take up arms!

Philadelphia, Pa.

BELLICOSE

Passionist Sisterhood

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It will be news to many that, in the United States, there is a Passionist Sisterhood of Catholic school teachers. It is not a cloistered group.

The name of this Sisterhood is the Congregation of the Holy Cross and Passion. The community is not a branch of the cloistered Passionist Nuns who have convents in Pittsburgh, Pa., and Scranton, Pa.

In 1924, the Most Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Providence, offered the Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and Passion, work in his diocese. Their first lasting field of labor was in the city of Providence, R. I. The Rev. P. J. Sullivan offered them the parochial school of the Assumption—to be built. The school now accommodates 750 pupils of elementary and junior high school grades. A number of boys and girls of this school have entered the harvest fields of the Master.

The birth place of the Sisterhood is Manchester, England. The year of its birth was 1854. Its human spiritual parents were named Mother Mary Joseph Prout and Rev. Gaudentius Rossi, C.P. Final Roman approval was given by Pope Leo XIII, in 1887. The Sisterhood has convents in England, Ireland, Scotland, South America, and in the United States.

The government of the association includes the Mother General and a Mother Provincial for each province. Their robe is black in color. The distinctive feature of it is a small Passionist badge—a heart with a cross above it. Within the heart are the words, "Jesu Christi Passio," and under these words, three crossed nails, symbolizing the three nails of the Crucifixion.

An attractive feature of the organization's work is providing whenever possible, "hostels" or homes for women who follow professional careers or attend schools of higher training. One of the homes, in Manchester,

England, has been recognized by the University of Manchester as "a hall of residence for Catholic girl students."

Of course, these Sisters, the same as other Sisterhoods in the United States, need more and more candidates.

Washington, N. C.

M. M.

The "Why" of Suffering

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For some time I have been acquainted with THE SIGN through the kindness of good friends. However, circumstances restricted my reading to such an extent that I read a very limited number of articles. These were sufficient to give me a high regard for our magazine (ours because it is the people's). Not only has it brought clean interesting reading to the public for the entire twenty-one years of its existence, but it has furnished an abundance of truthful information and much desired instruction.

I enjoyed Father David Bulman's article—"The 'Why' of Suffering." He did a splendid job on a question that needs answering today. I do not know what literary critics would say of Father David. I say his style suits me and the contents of his article satisfy. My congratulations and thanks to Father David and also to the Editors of THE SIGN for publishing this article.

Cincinnati, Ohio

THEODORE A. BEETZ

Jesu Psalter

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The following may be of interest to your readers, or at least to the correspondent who asked the question in the July issue about the *Jesu Psalter*.

Burns and Oates of London published a *Jesu Psalter* in 1888, of which I found a copy in our seminary library. The editor, Reverend Samuel Heydon Sole, prefaces it with a detailed historical account of the origin, authorship, and textual variations of the Psalter, and shows that tradition attributes the work to Father Richard Whitford. He then reprints the text of a 1571 manuscript, next a 1583 edition, and lastly gives the modern version, together with music for the chant. Very likely the work is now unobtainable, except perhaps in a second-hand book store.

(REV.) WALTER VAN DE PUTTE, C.S. Sp.

Norwalk, Conn.

Catholic Magaziners

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Our instructor in Philosophy here at Niagara University—he prefers to be anonymous—has organized a band or group called Catholic Magaziners (or, the C.M.'s), under the auspices of Saint Vincent. Our aim is to send annual subscriptions of Catholic magazines (especially) to our service men, leaving it to the discretion of the individual Editor to send it where he deems it will do the most good.

It is our earnest hope that we shall increase and multiply and that Catholic Magaziners will be formed in every Catholic College in our beloved country.

May we take this auspicious occasion to congratulate you Reverend Father, and your associates on the splendid work you are doing for God and country in this unique crisis of civilization.

Catholic Magaziners,
Niagara University, N. Y.

GLENN C. RALPH,
Secretary

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Theater in Wartime

Prospects for the spoken drama are bright as a new season is launched. The accelerated tempo of life in a world at war makes moments of relaxation and entertainment a necessity, while fatter pay envelopes bring visits to the theater within the realm of budget possibility. Advance blurbs from the producers' offices indicate the ambitious scope of production plans for the coming months. All of which augurs well for financial success but offers little reassurance to those who would see the moral tone of present and future plays raised above the level of Minsky morality and Union Square oratory.

Too often a financially triumphant theater throws caution and common sense to the winds and wallows in the tinsel lure of pseudosophistication and blatant propaganda. We are witnessing the beginning of just such a cycle at the present time. Musical revues of frankly obscene content are being flaunted to audiences made less discriminating and more impressionable by the blitzkrieg pace of life today. The propagandists are in the wings awaiting their turn.

For the past few decades, the American drama has not been truly representative of either the country or its people. It has been a medicine ball volleyed back and forth between the world-weary intellectuals and the superliberals who have used the theater as a means to spread their fallacious doctrines and atheistic philosophy. A very small part of their efforts can be passed down to posterity as worthy of serious consideration. Much of it has sprung from the libertines and radicals of the European theater who have streamed across the Atlantic in recent years with their own peculiar standards of morality, religion, and politics. A goodly portion of Europe's troubles can be deposited at the feet of its authors and playwrights who have long been paving the way for the present upheaval by their complete lack of restraint or sense of moral responsibility.

There is here in America a potential playgoing audience of many millions. They are the people who enjoy clean musicals, wholesome comedies, sound social

drama, and all the other types of entertainment for which the theater should stand. To date that vast group has been tapped only rarely. They can be reached with a play like *Life with Father* or *Arsenic and Old Lace* or *Junior Miss* or the ice shows; to offer them foul musical revues like *Star and Garter* alienates millions and does more harm for the theater than honest failures.

Freedom of expression is a vital necessity for every nation, but unless carefully handled it invariably leads to excesses. The truly American way, the mode of life we are fighting to retain, guarantees that freedom, but it also calls for a check valve against decadent excess. The old-time interpretation of America—God-fearing, honest, and decent—is still good enough despite the efforts of those who would dilute its strength.

Playgoing can be a treat and an education; it can also be a monstrous and aggravating bore. It is up to the individual playgoer to make certain the nature of each play he is supporting before buying a ticket. Only if each and every one of us exerts sane judgment can we expect to accomplish anything tangible in the matter of bringing the contemporary drama up by the bootstraps to a point where it ceases being a libel against the things we espouse on the official records. National morale is mighty important but it will be worthless without a sound national moral sense . . . and we will find ourselves lacking both if continued licentiousness is permitted in our theaters.

Touring Thespians

Heavy touring schedules are being maintained by theatrical companies despite priorities on travel and railroad space. Most of the successful Broadway plays



Gene Kelly is Judy Garland's new beau in "For Me and My Gal," a story of vaudeville's prosperous era

of last season as well as the more important of this year's offerings will be seen in many of the larger cities from coast to coast. Longer runs will be the rule to make up for the abandoning of the one-night stands. For the benefit of those who may have missed the original reviews, the following notes may be of some help in selecting entertainment:

Junior Miss . . . excellent comedy for the entire family group, built around the actions and antics of the subdeb group. Lois Wilson, the former film star, heads the cast of the touring company.

Life with Father . . . the hardy perennial of the current theater, hilariously funny adult story of life with a benevolent tyrant. Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern are the leading players.

Best Foot Forward . . . sprightly musical about prep-school romances, about—but not for—the 'teen age youngsters. Joy Hodges, Maureen Cannon, and a host of young singers and dancers are in the cast.

Arsenic and Old Lace . . . mystery-comedy with the latter predominating. Original plot and clever acting make it good fun.

Spring Again . . . an adult comedy starring Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith selected by THE SIGN as the Best Play of 1942.

In the second classification are plays which can be recommended, with reservations, for the discriminating. The objectionable features are not of a sufficiently serious nature to make the entire production unsuitable, though the plays would benefit considerably by certain eliminations. This group includes: *Porgy and Bess*, the Negro operetta with Gershwin's music; Gertrude Lawrence in a play about psychoanalysis, *Lady in the Dark*; *Hellzapoppin* and *Sons o' Fun*, the zany vaudeville shows in a rowdy vein; *Claudia*, based on the popular magazine stories; *My Sister Eileen* and the Cole Porter musical *Let's Face It*.

Then there is the group which audiences should not only avoid but in addition offer determined and, if possible, organized protest against at their presentation in every city. The aforementioned *Star and Garter*; the musicals *By Jupiter*, *Pal Joey*, *High Kickers*, *Panama Hattie*, *Native Son*, *White Cargo*, *Theater*, *Tobacco Road*, and *Good Night Ladies* are on this portion of the playbill. They are not recommended on any score.

Nostalgic Screen Musical

By turn rousing patriotic and quietly nostalgic, *FOR ME AND MY GAL* develops into one of the best screen musicals of the year.

Judy Garland is costarred with George Murphy and Gene Kelly in a story of vaudeville at its prosperous best in the era prior to and during the first World War. Always among the most sincere and likeable of the screen's featured players, Miss Garland here proves to be a capable and convincing actress as well. She receives first-rate assistance from the ever reliable George Murphy and Gene Kelly, the latter making a very favorable impression in his screen debut. Kelly inspired reams of praise from the drama critics while playing bits in the Saroyan plays and starring in the title role of *Pal Joey*. There would seem to be a definite screen future for him based on his excellent performance in *For Me and My Gal*.



Ginger Rogers' disguise fools Ray Milland in "The Major and the Minor"

Jean Rogers and Fay Bainter talk things over in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"



A fine antidote for the sobering news of the day, this picture will appeal to every member of the family and is recommended as one of the best musicals of recent memory. (MGM)

Pinafore Masquerade

Effervescent and sparkling, *THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR* is clever adult fare, filling the current requirement for lightweight froth.

Disillusioned by New York, one Sue Applegate, played with lively zest and impish appeal by Ginger Rogers, is forced to masquerade as a twelve-year-old in order to ride home to Iowa at half fare. En route she is befriended by a Major stationed at a boys' military school. He is unaware of her real age, as are the cadets who find her a most attractive subdeb. Of course the plot skeins are finally untangled with the minor capturing the heart of the Major before he goes off for active military service.

Although the story has a juvenile twist the humorous situations are designed for mature audiences. Miss Rogers is versatile and convincing, and Ray Milland is properly restrained and myopic as the military man. Robert Benchley, Rita Johnson, and two talented juniors, Billy Dawson and Diana Lynn, contribute sturdy background performances in this fast-paced funfest. (Paramount)

Reviews in Brief

Wholesome, family-type humor occupies the screen when Fibber M'Gee, Molly, and Edgar Bergen combine their comedy wares in **HERE WE GO AGAIN**. The second in a projected series in which the stars carbon-copy their radio characterizations, this is a pleasant and well-knit production despite the diversity of talent and episodic nature of the story. The Great Gildersleeve, Bill Thompson, Ginny Simms, and Ray Noble's Orchestra are other radio favorites seen to advantage in a comedy which will be thoroughly enjoyed by all. (RKO-Radio)

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY is a propaganda film that manages to include more than a fair amount of entertainment value and fine acting in its unreeling. A tribute to the part being played by American women in the war effort, it gets the message across effectively, though without the deep and forceful impact of its companion piece, *Mrs. Miniver*. Built around the transformation of a woman who does not abandon frivolity until the war forces its way into her well-ordered life, it is thoroughly absorbing, due in large measure to a carefully selected cast sensitive to the demands of the characterizations. Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold, Sara Allgood, Richard Ney, and Jean Rogers are the outstanding players in a drama suitable and recommended for the entire family. (MGM)

It is inevitable that calamities such as **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE** be visited upon us from time to time. Fortunately, this type of film inanity is being relegated to the background in favor of more substantial material. A tenuous story continuity is further endangered by the presence in the cast of Victor Mature and Betty Grable, both of whom are still in the tyro stage. John Payne and Jane Wyman fare better, but the puerile nature of the production plus the writing and directing banality are overpowering. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

The unholy alliance existing between certain political groups and racketeers is the basis of this revised version of Dashiell Hammett's murder mystery, **THE GLASS KEY**. Melodramatic and vigorous in tone, it is exciting enough for the most captious mystery fan. Brian Donlevy handles the role of a political boss with assurance, but Alan Ladd overshadows him with a taut, understanding portrayal. Veronica Lake, Joseph Calleia, and Bonita Granville assist ably in this actionful story which will please the average adult mystery lover. (Paramount)

The name of Jeanette MacDonald is synonymous with fine music, but not with good pictures. In **CAIRO** she

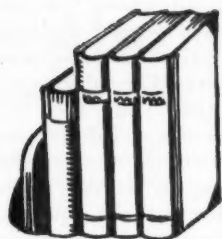
strives hard to be emotionally convincing but it is only in the singing scenes that she achieves complete credibility. A travesty on spy stories set against a timely Egyptian background, the tuneful moments compensate to a large extent for the dramatic and comedy portions that never quite ring true. Miss MacDonald, vocally appealing as ever, receives excellent support from Robert Young and the Negro songstress, Ethel Waters. Suitable for the family. (MGM)

A **YANK AT ETON** has been done too often before to elicit very much critical applause this time out. What merit the production does possess is derived from the unique personality of Mickey Rooney, whose exuberant overacting is sometimes more than mere mortal can endure. He does make the welkin ring at old Eton, however, as the brash young Yankee with plans to matriculate at Notre Dame. There are several scenes of mild hilarity plus the usual Rooney antics and grimaces, all of which will undoubtedly find considerable favor with the Saturday matinee trade. (MGM)

Boisterous and often straining in attempts for comedy effects, **BETWEEN US GIRLS** is fairly amusing, sophomoric material. Here again a grown girl impersonates a youngster, this time to assist the romance of her widowed mother, whose suitor does not suspect that there is a twenty-year-old daughter in the background. The complications that necessarily ensue provide an enlivening session which both adults and children well appreciate and enjoy. Diana Barrymore exhibits some promise, but her inexperience is evident in the face of a quartet of polished portrayals by Kay Francis, John Boles, Robert Cummings, and Andy Devine. (Universal)

Last season's stage hit, **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**, has been adapted to screen requirements most effectively. Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan assume the principal roles and play them to the hilt. All of the comedy highlights of the original have been retained in the scenario, while the more objectionable features of the play have been eliminated. The result is a comedy suitable for every audience group, relating the exasperating trials and domestic tribulations which follow the purchase of a Pennsylvania farm. Rollicking fun for all. (WARNER BROS.)

MY SISTER EILEEN is still numbered among the most popular of the current Broadway plays though now in the second year of its run. This film version with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair in the leads will find favor among a percentage of the adult motion picture audience. Two girls from Ohio descend on New York with the intention of taking it by storm. Instead, the embryonic actress and writer combination find themselves in a crowded cellar apartment in Greenwich Village from which they make daily forays into the offices of uninterested editors and casting directors. The characters they meet and the situations they face and overcome provide the impetus for the comedy. Strictly adult, it is amusing fare for the not-too-discriminating, with Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair adjusting their performances to the correct semi-farce pace. Brian Aherne is both miscast and ineffective in the male lead. (Columbia)



Books



Conditions of Peace

By EDWARD HALLETT CARR

The author is Professor of International Politics at the University College of Wales. Many years of study and a wide practical experience have equipped Professor Carr to make *Conditions of Peace* a thoughtful and important contribution toward understanding the political, moral, and economic problems that must be faced and solved if the tragic blunders of the peace efforts of 1919 are to be avoided. Professor Carr assumes that the United Nations, especially the British Empire and the United States, will be the arbiters of the eventual peace negotiations.

The first part of the book presents an excellent analysis of the fundamental issues that have been at the basis of the various crises that have overtaken the twentieth-century world. Professor Carr points out that the present war cannot be looked upon as an isolated phenomenon but must be viewed as part of the world revolution antedating even the war of 1914. In this same section chapters are devoted to demonstrating the necessity of reinterpreting the outmoded nineteenth-century doctrines associated with democracy, national self-determination, laissez-faire economics, and the utilitarian ethics of liberal democracy. This critical diagnosis is keen, brief, and adequate. More specialized treatises on these problems exist, but Professor Carr's five compact chapters on the fundamental issues of the present crisis will give the general reader a clear conception of the nature and causes of the modern breakdown of world order.

The second section of the book recommends a policy for settling postwar problems. Since it was written before America became actively involved in the war, the point of view expressed in these chapters is primarily British. Nevertheless, what

the author says is of vital importance to the United States. Of necessity there is a difference between interpreting the past and recommending for the future. What kind of a world will emerge from the war? How will the crises studied in the first section of the book be avoided in the future? These and many subsidiary questions are answered in his own way by Professor Carr and it must be admitted that his answers are compelling and convincing. Though he does not touch much on religion, Catholics can agree with him when he says, "A new faith in a new moral purpose is required to reanimate our political and economic system," but they would also add that the "new faith" is already at hand if the so-called Christian Nations will but act out the principles of Christianity. If further elucidation of the practical application of these principles to politics and economics is needed, a study of the appropriate Encyclicals of the Popes is recommended.

These latter remarks are in no way to be taken as a disparagement of Professor Carr's excellent work but merely as indicating that the truths so masterly assembled in *Conditions of Peace* can and should be studied in the light of Catholic social philosophy.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50

Elizabeth: Creature of Circumstance

By HILAIRE BELLOC

One had thought that at this late date the last word had been said about the many-faceted Elizabeth Tudor. But the ever prolific Hilaire Belloc now comes up with a new perspective on Henry VIII's volatile offspring—that she was a creature of hereditary and environmental circumstance. Not that the book uncovers anything startlingly new about Elizabeth; it is rather like old wine in a new bottle—and, unfortunately, it is musty.

We shall be pleased to fill your book orders

Hilaire Belloc's singular contribution to modern literature has been his lifelong endeavor in rewriting history. In *Elizabeth* he had the ingredients of an excellent book (as indicated by the first few chapters) but he never succeeded in amalgamating them, with the result that it is a hodgepodge of historical facts only loosely connected with the theme.

The apposite matter is interestingly presented, while the author exhibits the vagaries of that unusual creature Elizabeth Tudor. Also, the Reformation is adroitly handled as he shows how "the English people were robbed of their religion" principally through the machinations of William Cecil (Lord Burghley) "the operative power, till his death, behind the throne of Elizabeth."

In a fair analysis, the book was potentially headed for A-1 rating, and still contains germinal strength, but it evidently went to press before the author had given the manuscript anything like cohesive unity.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.75

The Drums of Morning

By PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

This historical novel deals with the Abolition Crusade and ends with the Civil War and the cessation of slavery in the United States. The story centers around Jonathan Bradford and traces his career from boyhood to mature life. His father's death in a proslavery riot left a remarkable impress on the son's life and influenced his after years as an antislavery leader. Adoption by the Moore family, abolitionist in mind, led to an active participation in the movement.

The slave question is viewed through New England eyes, also through those of its advocates in the Southern states. A scouting trip to observe slavery in action more than confirmed young Bradford in his al-



Dear Members:

Now that vacations are over I'd like to remind you to make up in your donations whatever you missed during the summer. I'm sure it is not very much, but you know how every penny counts.

You see, before long you'll be sending in your Christmas gift for Christ in His missions. This Christmas we want to make it a special gift, because this year has been such a trying one.

This gift is a sign of your Christian outlook, that in the suffering wounded, the starving refugees, and the orphaned children, you, as also the missionary, recognize the Man of Sorrows.

And not the least beautiful part of your gift is this: that by using the penny-a-day club idea, you show you have been thinking of Him every day.

And if you want to do something special-get us a new member.

Gratefully,

Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.

Dear Father: Please enroll me in your Christmas Club.

Name.....
Street.....
City, State.....

legiance to the cause of freedom for the Negro. An abortive attempt personally to secure liberty for a group of slaves ended with a court trial and the penalty of branding. Escape from jail prevented the possible execution of the death sentence.

Civil War days were spent in prison first at Charleston, and after a short period in the army, at Andersonville Camp, the worst jail of the Confederates. The final escape coincides with the end of the war.

It is regrettable that the author, whose historical research was so thorough and whose facts are so well documented, saw fit to make his hero a combination of idealist and weakling, strong in determination to espouse the cause of the Negro and vacillating in his fidelity to the one girl whom he really loved, the daughter of his foster parents. These delineations of character spoil the book for the average reader and could as easily be omitted with gain in both moral tone and plot development.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.00

The Family That Overtook Christ

By FATHER RAYMUND, O.C.S.O.

This book continues the effort of Father Raymond, Trappist, to humanize the pursuit of sanctity. His previous effort, *The Man Who Got Even With God*, has enjoyed considerable success and this latest volume also will appeal to a wide field of readers.

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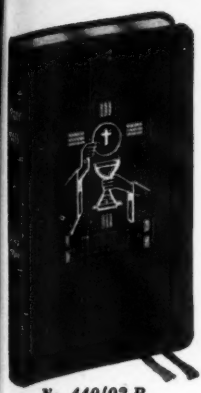
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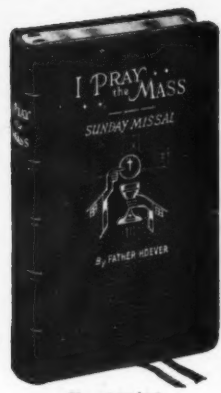
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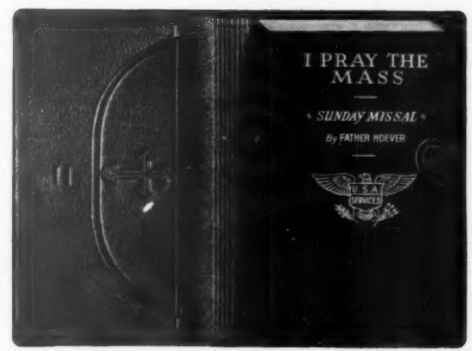
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PRAYER 33

on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.
S. And with thy spirit.

At the right side of the Altar he says:

P. Let us pray.

PRAYER

● Turn to — PRAYER — Today's Mass. ●

After having read the Prayer, follow the ARROW (➔) and continue to read Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract.

The Priest returns to the center of the Altar and, bowing down, says:

Prayer: CLEANSE MY HEART

CLEANSE my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias with a burning coal; and vouchsafe, through Thy gracious mercy, so to

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